WILL LOW SALARIES DRIVE STARS FROM SCREEN ?

Movie Weekly

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December 15
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Have you an Innocent Face ? See page 12

The Scandalmonger's Paradise

Carmel Myers

Vol. III

MOVIE WEEKLY

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Danger!

Listen, fans!

Are you screen-struck? Do you aspire, like the moth to star, to a career in the films that will be as roseate as you've fully imagined this star's and that star's career to be when you've seen them on the silversheet? And, so thinking, have you gazed with longing eyes toward that mecca of the films on the far West Coast—Hollywood?

If you have, it is our urgent counsel that you hesitate before you approach that railway ticket window, money in hand, and prepare for a journey to a distant land.

For Hollywood is now in the throes of idleness with countless numbers of screen actors who are out of work. That is why we urge you to remain at home until the present depression, from which the movie situation is suffering on the far West Coast, is somehow changed and there is once more work enough to go around.

The full inside story of the situation in Hollywood today and its relation to scores of ardent screen fans will be contained in next week's issue of Movie Weekly.

And if you are a movie fan—

DON'T MISS IT!

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The SCANDALMONGER'S PARADISE

All *movieland* was startled recently by a *false report* that *Doug* and *Mary* were to *separate* —Here are the *facts*

By James Craig Gordon

RUMORS and whispers, innuendos and scandalous accusations flow into the editorial offices of Movie Weekly all day long, every day of the week.

One visitor after another unburdens into our ears the latest morsel of disreputable news. Hadn't we heard that a certain beloved screen actress was caught in a raid on a cocaine parlor only the night before? Or, would you believe it, the So-and-So's are getting a divorce—all because of the dashing little red-haired girl who was Mr. So-and-So's leading woman in his latest picture? Didn't we know the real facts as to why a certain emotional actress departed hastily for Europe?

The telephone bell rings and one of our good friends wants to tip us off that a certain comedian has a black eye, as a result of what he said to the sweetheart of a well-known "heavy" in the same company.

We open our mail and it is full of letters poisoned with accusation, odorous with libelous charges against the people of the screen.

The very air is thick with scandal!

Doug and *Mary*, who were recently reported estranged and on the point of separation. The rumor, happily, proved false.

It was, therefore, with considerable interest that we read in the newspapers recently a dispatch from Los Angeles concerning Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford. It was stated that Mr. Fairbanks and his wife intended to sue a certain newspaper for libel. These two distinguished players justly resented the publication of a story that they were suing to be divorced—for the very good reason that it wasn't true.

We are sorry that Douglas and Mary did not push this suit.

Our regret is not based on any malicious feeling. We are sorry simply because we should like to see scandal-mongering about decent and respectable people scotched once and for all. We should like to see the business of making a profit out of sensational accusations against innocent and often helpless people made unprofitable. We should like to see those who carry on such business taught the thrashing good lesson they deserve.

There was no truth in the story about Douglas and Mary. It was a lie made out of the whole cloth. Since the publication of the canard it has been easy to establish its falseness. Why was it necessary to publish it at all? Such a practice is against a code of decency, against the code of the gentleman to which every true journalist is proud to adhere.

Movie Weekly takes this opportunity to restate its editorial policy and to explain to its readers our attitude toward the clouds of rumors and whispers that drift through our editor's windows and even through the earpieces of our telephones.

First, we are a moving picture magazine for the fans. We are allied with no producer, distributor, or star. Our position is thoroughly independent and our sole concern is to supply the fan with information about moving pictures and their stars. We are not looking for dirt. We are not hunting for news in the garbage can. But no publication in America today has such a consuming passion for the truth! The passion is in our blood and bone, for we are the younger sister of *True Story Magazine*. If there is rottenness in the studios, we do not believe it should be shielded. The exposures which we have published in the past are sufficient evidence of our attitude in this regard. But it must be more than whisper and rumor. It must be more than hearsay. It must be something besides innuendo.

It must be the established truth!

We will not deal in defamation. We will not traffic in scandal. We will not drag down the fair reputation of a good woman, merely to print a sensational story. We investigate our facts before we go to press. That is why we are sorry that Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks did not carry their grievance to the courts. We would like a lesson taught to lying tongues. We would welcome the severest penalty dealt to these destructive influences—influences working against the high purpose to which Mr. Will H. Hays and his associates are dedicating all that they have to give. There was a time when chivalry was one of the jewels of journalism. Its lustre has been dimmed of late in some of our movie magazines. We want it to shine brighter than ever. The honor of a woman, the honor of a moving picture star is just as precious a thing and to be guarded just as zealously as the honor of an editor's wife. Only some seem to forget that. We ask our readers to remember this, to remember this passion for the truth which is ours. You may read Movie Weekly with the utmost confidence, because of that passion for truth. So far as human persistence and ingenuity can extend, we have verified what we print. So far as truth can be established, we establish it before we publish anything to the world.

And above all things we honor and we reverence the many fine women who are artists of the screen, and whenever and wherever we can we shall protect them against the caddish liars whose object is only to make a few dirty dollars out of their honor and their character.

As long as this malicious practice continues to malign the motion picture industry and to operate disastrously against the influences striving earnestly for its betterment, so long will the motion picture itself be held to the level of mediocrity instead of attaining its true place among the creative arts. Movie Weekly believes in the future of the motion picture; it respects those artists and stars who are working to this end and endeavors to interpret their real personalities and their interesting lives to an admiring public anxious to know them better and as they are. And Movie Weekly, eager for the truth always, will not print anything without a thorough investigation.

The GIRL WHO WAS NEVER SAFE

All women desire beauty, but the beauty of Grace Harper was such as to place her in constant peril from the imperious demands of men. Shadowed and kidnapped by ardent wooers, her daily existence was a long battle for honor. Read what happened to this beautiful girl when she was lured to an old house in this, the fifth fascinating instalment of this smashing fiction serial

By John R. Coryell

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE:

Society had gathered for sports at Santa Isabella, one of the most beautiful resorts in California. Just before the two hundred and twenty-yard dash, in which only men are entered, beautiful, athletic Grace Harper, poorly dressed, asks to be allowed to run in the race. She wins, and receives a ten dollar gold piece, then rushes home to tell her parents and to take the money to the man who holds the mortgage on her father's home. On the lonely road she meets a stranger.

He stops her and demands a kiss. Grace discovers it is young Don Morton, notorious for his escapades. She strikes him with her whip and rides away. On her way back she is captured by Don Morton's men and brought to a lonely house. She succeeds in locking Morton in a room and escapes from him. However, on her ride home she is again pursued.

Being a remarkable riflewoman, Grace scares away her pursuers and arrives home safely. She does not tell her father about the affair with young Don Morton. The thought that he and Will, a childhood chum, had both told her she was beautiful, sticks in her mind, and when she sees a beauty contest advertised in one of the magazines, she enters. The prize is a thousand dollars and she hopes to win it and pay off the mortgage on her father's home. She sends her picture and is accepted as a contestant. Don Morton succeeds in bringing her to a lonely spot to meet him by sending her a message that someone who has had an accident needs her.

Some of her friends pass them and see them together, and when she returns to town she discovers that Don Morton has spread malicious stories concerning her character. She goes after him in a rage and meets one of his aides. She captures him and takes him to town to clear her good name.

Grace continued her way to the door, crying out, "Let me out of here! Let me out!"

"DON'T count on it," she said, grimly, making ready with her rifle. "It is my honor that is at stake, and I shall stop at nothing to protect it. Oh! It is Will Belden!" she added, almost immediately, a sigh of relief escaping her lips. She understood that he had guessed where she was going, and had started after her.

"Let me go, and I will tell everything," the man said hurriedly, tugging at his bonds at the same time.

"You will remain and tell everything, or I am mistaken," she answered.

Will had seen and recognized Grace, and was galloping as swiftly as his horse could bring him, so that within a minute he was with them, gazing in wonder from Grace to the stalwart prisoner. Grace was mistress of herself at once.

"Of course you know the story that has been spread concerning me?" she queried, looking straight into Will's eyes.

"Yes."

"Well, this is the witness Don Morton proved his falsehood by. I was afraid he would not testify willingly, so I have been out to get him—subpoena him, I think they call it."

"You knew I was sure, anyhow?" he asked, eagerly.

"I'd have been surprised if you hadn't been; but the others weren't, and I meant to clear myself before going away. I don't think he is a willing witness for me, but I know how to induce him to tell the truth."

"So do I," Will said, with such a look at the fellow that the latter became convinced at once.

"I will tell everything," he said, sullenly. "It was only a joke of Don's, anyhow."

"There are some jokes that are very unhealthy," said Will, dryly, taking his place on the other side of the wretch. "If you refuse to tell the whole truth, you will find this joke a very unhealthy one for you. Let us go on, Grace, we shall find some of the boys waiting for us, and they will be glad to get hold of the man who started that story about you."

The wretch understood what was meant, and knew that if he was once in the midst of the young rancheros, convinced of having plotted to ruin Grace, his life might easily be held the forfeit of his wickedness. So he began to plead, with such eagerness, promising that he would tell the whole truth, that Grace suggested that they listen to him and let him go if he did as he promised.

"When he tells his story before a judge, he shall go free, but no sooner."

"And then go to jail, eh?" the man cried, savagely.

"You shall go free so far as we are concerned," Will answered. "Anyhow, you must see that you will be better off by telling the truth than by having your share in this thing proved against you."

That seemed so reasonable that the man succumbed to what seemed the inevitable, and told them the story at once, agreeing to repeat it before a magistrate.

IT SEEMED that Don Morton had carefully planned everything so that he and Grace would be seen together at the place where they had met, in the meanwhile spreading the rumor of his relations with her, and of her having been with him at the old Mission, which had such an evil reputation. Miguel and the other two men declared in public that they had seen Grace going to and leaving the mission. Then the letter had been written under the advice of a lawyer, and seemed conclusive proof of the truth of the stories, care having been taken to let two or three of the village folk see the letter before it was mailed. At the same time, use was made of Grace's intention to compete for the prize, and the worst possible construction put upon it.

All this, but much more in detail, was told under oath to a magistrate, as soon as the man could be taken before one; and when he was asked why Don Morton had taken so much trouble to defame an innocent and pure girl, he only shrugged his shoulders and said:

"He is in love with her, and thought she would turn to him when no one else would have anything to do with her."

"He's as much a fool as a knave," Grace said, scornfully. "No good girl can be driven into infamy if she doesn't wish to go."

The Entertainment Committee, including Sue Wilton, expressed the greatest contrition for what had happened, and would have had Grace consent to the dance as if nothing had occurred; but Grace quietly refused to consider the matter, much to the sorrow of the young men particularly; for the whole story of her encounter in the Mission with Don Morton had come out, and she had become the heroine of the countryside, and its "rage," to use a colloquialism.

Whether she would permit or not, she was escorted to the train that took her away to San Francisco, and her section was filled with flowers quite as if she had been a famous prima donna.

She did not like it at all, and would have much preferred if only her father, mother and Will had been at the station to see her off; but since

her friends would come, she could only take what satisfaction she could get from exchanging glances with them, the very last ones; and it seemed as if Will's eyes were the last she looked into.

She had never before been so far away from home. She knew nothing of San Francisco, but was not troubled about that, since she had the address of a respectable woman with whom she could live while in the city, and to whom her father had written to engage board.

SHE had been told that her wisest plan would be to take a hack from the station to the boarding house, so that she would have no difficulty in reaching there. In fact, everything had been so carefully arranged for her that it seemed as if there could not possibly be any trouble for her.

If she could have seen the contents of a letter written by Sue Wilton two days previous to her departure, she would not have stepped from the cars at San Francisco with as much confidence as she did.

She walked up the platform, confused by the jostling and the rush of passengers.

Before reaching the row of shouting and gesticulating hackmen, who really repelled her by their frantic cries, she was approached by a roughly dressed man, who said to her, with a sort of gruff politeness:

"Is this Miss Harper?"

"Yes," she answered, staring in surprise.

"You want to go to Mrs. Sharp's, don't you?"

"Yes," Grace replied politely.

"Well, I was sent to look after you, she knowing you to be a stranger. If you'll give me your check, I'll get your trunk. My hack is outside here. This way, please!"

It never occurred to Grace to doubt the propriety of going with the man, his story was so straight and so naturally told.

She got into the hack he took her to, gave him her check, and sat back in her seat with a comfortable consciousness that it was not so difficult, after all, for a stranger to get along in San Francisco.

"Oh!" exclaimed the woman in sudden comprehension. "You are afraid of being drugged!"

CHAPTER X

It Seems Very Lonely

IT DID not seem a very long time to Grace that she waited while the hackman was getting her trunk, for the bustle and confusion were interesting to her, who had seen so little of it.

Indeed, she was so taken up with the novelty of her situation that, until the man returned and had thrown her small trunk on the hack, she quite forgot that she had not mailed a post-card she had written on the train to announce to the home folks that she had arrived safely.

Now that she remembered it, she opened the door of the hack to ask her driver where she should find a mail box, and was surprised to have him hastily interpose his bulky person, so that she could not get out if she tried.

"Where you goin'?" he asked, gruffly.

"I want to mail this postal," she answered, wondering at his manner, but making no specific objection to it, because she assumed, in her ignorance of city ways, that it might be usual with men of his class.

"I'll mail it for you," he said, taking it from her and closing the door.

Half annoyed at his treatment of her, she looked out through the glass in the upper part of the hack door, and saw him, in the dim light of the place, approach a man who stood in the darkest shadow and give him her card. She was sure she saw the man step away to where he could get the light from one of the electric lamps on the card, and read it. This annoyed her, but she put the feeling away, saying to herself that there was nothing on the card that might not be read by anyone. Nevertheless, she opened the door again, and said sharply to the driver, when he returned:

"I hope that man will be sure to mail my card when he is through reading it."

"What?" he exclaimed, evidently taken aback by the knowledge that she had seen what had happened; then recovered himself, and said, with a gruff attempt at jocularity: "Oh, that's all right; that feller'ud read grave-stones, he would. He'll mail it all right."

With which words, as if to close the conversation, he slammed the door shut, and climbed up into his seat. A sharp blow with his whip set the horse in motion, and the hack rolled away into the mystery of the gay streets of San Francisco.

Grace gave herself up to the delight of the novelty of her surroundings with all the abandon of a child, and made even her natural feelings of loneliness give an added thrill to the sensation she experienced.

She had no notion whatever of what streets she was being taken through, except that once she caught the name of Market Street on the side of a house. She had heard of Market Street, and of Kearney and Montgomery, but, otherwise, San Francisco was as unknown to her as the middle of Africa.

She was surprised, after a while, at the distance they were traversing, and she felt sure that they must be on the outskirts of the city, since the lights in the streets were now far apart and the houses scattered.

Once she rapped on the glass in front of her to call the attention of the driver, but he did not seem to hear her, and, feeling a little ashamed of having done it, she fell back in her seat to await their arrival at the house.

And yet twice and three times again her uneasiness asserted itself so far as to cause her to reach out toward the glass, to rap and call the man's attention, that she might at least ask him how far away the house was; but he was driving very rapidly now, and she was sure he would not hear her.

Then, at last, he stopped in front of a house that stood quite by itself in the midst of a waste of sand, from what she could see in the darkness.

"Are you sure this is the place?" she asked, opening the door, as he sprang to the sidewalk.

"Oh, yes, miss," he answered, "this is the place all right."

"It seems very lonely," she added, on stepping out and looking around her. "Why, there isn't another house in sight. It must be away out of the city."

"Oh, not so far," he replied, lifting her trunk down; "and you get a fine view here. This way, please! There, you see, they're expectin' you."

The door of the house had opened, and a faint light was shining out from the hall. Except for this, the house was quite dark, and seemed utterly deserted.

Grace could not repress a feeling of disquiet, but she was far too brave to give any heed to what seemed an unreasonable sentiment, so she followed the hack driver up the boardwalk to the house, and up the steps into the hall.

A STALWART, masculine-looking woman stepped out from behind the door into the semi-obscurity of the hall when they entered, and closed the door with a hasty bang that rang through the house.

"Leave the trunk right there," she said, in a hard, abrupt tone.

"Are you Mrs. Sharp?" Grace asked, a sense of repulsion taking possession of her.

"Yes, that's my name, I guess. And you're Grace Harper, eh?"

"Yes. What is the charge?" she asked of the hackman, who was starting to go.

"Oh, that's all fixed."

"Who fixed it?" Grace demanded, in surprise.

"That's all right," the woman said, peremptorily. "I'll tell you about that. You kin go, driver."

The man hurried away without waiting for anything further, and the woman locked and bolted the door after him.

"I'll carry your trunk," the woman said to Grace. "You go on up ahead of me. Your room's the first one at the head of the stairs."

With a feeling of increasing uneasiness which she could not in the least account for, Grace went slowly up the stairs, groping her way to the top because of the darkness.

"I can't see," she said.

"Put out your hand and you will find the door," the woman answered, close behind her with the trunk, which she seemed to carry as if it had been no weight at all.

Annoyed, as well as disquieted now, Grace nevertheless did as the woman bade her and groped her way into an utterly dark room, which had the odor of one that had not been recently used.

"Go right in," the woman said, "and wait till I make a light."

Grace went further into the room, her hands reaching out in search of the furniture, so that she might not stumble over it. She heard the woman put the trunk down, and stood still, waiting for the light, but, instead of light, there came a slam of the door and the sound of bolts being shot.

IN AN instant Grace understood that she had been made a prisoner, and with a cry and a leap, she was groping for the door, when a flood of light illumined the room.

Useless as she knew it to be, Grace continued her way to the door, and tried to pull it open, crying out, "Let me out of here! Let me out!"

"In good time, my dear," a voice answered; and a horror fell upon her, for she recognized the tones of Don Morton's voice. Then she understood fully how she had been tricked. "You shall go out after we have had a satisfactory talk. Satisfactory talk, you understand, my dear."

Grace fell back, and looked up to where the voice came from. She saw a barred opening about six inches square in the upper part of the door; and she saw that it had been uncovered by a slide.

"You?" she cried.

"Yes, your very devoted lover. I simply could not get along without you, my dear, so I got this little nest ready for you, and brought you to it. It isn't what I would like for such a pretty bird, but it will have to serve until you and I understand each other better."

Grace looked steadily at the mocking, sinister face, unable to express

(*Continued on page* 21)

Tough Girls in the MOVIES

So this, it seems, is what they're wearing in *Paris*. At least, in the *Parisian* underworld of *Pola Negri's "My Man."*

In *"Fury," Dorothy Gish* plays what *Broadway* calls a "chicken" — but that isn't why she wears the feather in her hat.

We heard that *Blanche Sweet* was taking the milk cure. This doesn't look like it. From *"Anna Christie."*

Look at poor *Gloria* since *Lasky* cut down expenses! She can't even wear her *De Mille* manner in *"The Humming Bird."*

Things seem pretty tough when *Jane Thomas* takes a puff and adopts a rough neck manner.

The Girl who grew too big for England

Dainty *Flora LeBreton* deserted native land for *America* when her screen fame became too great for *Great Britain*

By Gladys Hall

NOW that, you must admit, is some feat, even for a screen star, to whom all things are possible.

One may (and does) outgrow one's garments, shoes, taste for musical comedy, liking for strong drink, husbands and old friends, but to outgrow the British Isles rather tops it all off, one might say . . .

Still, Flora LeBreton, born of French and English parentage, has done the trick . . . professionally. Personally, she isn't too big for a bird cage, being of a diminutive prettiness something of the same calibre as our own Marguerite Clark.

And, by the way, Marguerite Clark is one of Flora's enthusiasms. For Flora is full of enthusiasms. You see, when I tea'd with her at the Hotel Astor yesterday, she hadn't been in New York for more than three days, and had had in that length of time all kinds and conditions of offers made her by our various enterprising producers. She wasn't quite ready at the time to announce which plum she would pick from the picture pie, but she hinted at California, we were going to say darkly, but *could* one hint darkly at California?

"I understand *American* men make wonderful husbands," said *Miss LeBreton.*

But to get back to the enthusiasms, which begin back in the beginning: Flora began as a leading lady on the English stage, after a training in a dramatic school, at which she won such laurels as a scholarship, a medal and the special notice of Sir Gerald du Maurier. When she went on the stage, she went as leading lady for du Maurier. Could one begin more auspiciously? And then, from being a leading lady in the speaky, she jumps to being a leading lady in the screeny . . . after which there would seem to be nothing to prevent her from becoming a star over here. While in England, by the way, she did a picture with our own Sir Stuart Blackton. She films larger than she is and seems no end versatile from the photographs I saw of her. We are, you see, still under the English influence.

Well, of course, having done all those things over there, there really remained no more fields for her to conquer, nothing "bigger and better" that she could do . . . "and one must go on, mustn't one?" said Miss LeBreton.

And so, partly because she needed a vacation, and partly because she wanted to "go on," and the lack of producing units in England, plus the lack of good salaries paid there, plus the lack of fan enthusiasm, induced Miss LeBreton to leave home and mother and traverse the imponderable seas. For, as further qualification for becoming an American movie star, Miss LeBreton has a mother who is her best pal, her ideal and her severest critic.

But to get back to enthusiasms:

"If you could," we said to her, "pick out the man you would most like to play with among such as we have over here to offer, upon whom would your choice fall?"

"Oh, Ramon Novarro!" said Miss LeBreton, sighing just like any other smitten lass at the mention of the dashing Mexican, and she added "Scaramouche . . ." with such another sigh of sentiment and admiration that we were curtailed in our probing save to add, feebly, "But if you couldn't play with Novarro, then whom . . .?"

"I think Richard Barthelmess is wonderful, too," said Flora.

"Now, then," we went on, briskly, "what about our directors? Who would be your choice in that empyrean field?"

"OH," said Miss LeBreton, who knows her own mind, we will say, if anyone ever did, "the apex of all my ambition is to play under D. W. Griffith. But then, too, you see, I can answer another question along with this one, for among the girl stars, Lillian Gish is my ideal. And I still associate Miss Gish and Mr. Griffith together. To play under Mr. Griffith, after the fashion of Miss Gish, with a sort of a Marguerite Clark touch, if you know what I mean, would come as near as I can come to telling you what sort of thing I should like to do."

We thought, "Are these Britishers mercenary?" and we said, "You know, of course, that Mr. Griffith doesn't pay the salaries that some of the other directors pay . . . Mr. de Mille, for an instance?"

Flora is very young, and she said, earnestly, "Of course I like money as well as any girl, but I think an artist should consider the sort of part

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Will your Favorite Movie Stars

Doug and Mary cavorting about the studios with *Ernest Knoblock*, playwright, and *Ernst Lubitsch*, director.

A view of the downtown section of *Hollywood*, the center of moviedom.

Recent ultimatum of *Famous Players* to *screen stars* on *West Coast* confronts many with alternative of accepting "*cut*" or leaving *movies*—Which will it be?

By **T. Howard Kelly**

AT THE present moment a threat is knocking ominously at the front door of every movie fan in this country who derives his maximum amount of screen entertainment from pictures which star his favorite actors and actresses. While I am writing this, scores of famous film folks are trying to decide whether or not they will accept the salary cuts brought about by country-wide efforts to reduce producing costs—or quit the silver sheet. And, in these financial cogitations of the stars lies this threat to the movie happiness of thousands of picture-goers today.

Never before in the entire history of the motion picture industry has the matter of stars' salaries aroused such a storm of conflicting opinions, and forced itself into an issue of vital importance to the future of the industry, as it is doing now. Ever since the movies progressed from an experimental adventure in motion photography to a phase of drama which entertains millions daily, the alleged high wages doled out to the best known film players have done little more than make us gasp . . . and wonder how it must feel to make so much money in a short week.

In their efforts to create sensational and glamorous publicity concerning the headliners in movieland, press agents and producers' publicity bureaus have gladly and glibly admitted that enormous sums were paid to stars. Consequently the public long ago assumed that the high cost of movie stars would never interfere with its screen entertainment.

But the recent curtailment of production by several companies, and the complete shut-down of some of the largest picture studios in America—all of which is a gesture in the direction of halving production expenses, and actors' salaries—throws a different light upon this subject. Viewing the situation in this new light, it is easy enough to perceive that hundreds of film players are face to face with the problem of forcing producers to pay their prices, or else accepting a lower scale of wages. If a star is unsuccessful in the former, and refuses to work for less than he demands, then there is nothing left to do but walk off the set, and close the door to movieland behind him.

Can the producer eventually force a star to accept lower wages because of the scarcity of motion picture work?

This is the question that has followed in the wake of the first few weeks of enforced idleness in eastern and western studios. It has been answered already in the negative and the affirmative, thus confusing the average interested fan's mind on a subject that is of paramount importance to him. Paradoxically enough, this question can be answered by "yes," and by "no." But a careful analysis of the reasons behind such distinctly opposite answers will indicate just how far the movie makers can, and cannot, force players to sign on the dotted line.

Several weeks ago, when Famous Players-Lasky Corporation announced the closing of its Long Island and Hollywood studio doors for an indefinite period, Adolph Zukor, president of the great film organization, told me he would not resume the making of any new pictures until production costs had come down to a common-sense basis. This was equivalent to expressing the belief that both stars and directors would modify their salary demands soon after they experienced the temporary cessation of producing activities.

MOVIE WEEKLY recently explained all of the reasons responsible for the Famous Players shutdown. Briefly, the rapidly mounting costs of picture-making; the desire of directors to make so-called "big pictures" out of stories that did not call for lavishness and swagger touches; and the high salaries of actors, had all combined to make it economically imperative that the upward trend of expenses be stopped. Mr. Zukor's curtailment order was the only practical step any business organization could have taken under the conditions stated.

Almost one month has elapsed since the Famous studios closed. During this period we have witnessed the return of a great many screen stars to the field of spoken drama. Tom Moore is back on Broadway, talking across the footlights. Anita Stewart is headed for the vaudeville stage, and we will soon be reading other well-known names on the programs offered by the speaking stage. This movement toward the stage is indicative of the fact that many screen favorites will not allow the movie lay-off to reduce their bank accounts.

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accept Lower Wages or Quit Screen?

One of the many movie studios in *Hollywood*, which employ thousands weekly.

In spite of the fact that film players have announced their intentions of returning to the stage and to vaudeville, before going back to screen work at reduced salaries, Jesse L. Lasky, vice-president of Famous Players, who is now at Hollywood, says that the shut-down has already caused the salary demands of some stars to dwindle to nearly one-third of the sum they formerly asked. Mr. Lasky says:

"OUR movement to eliminate waste in the production of motion pictures has already borne fruit in a new frame of mind in Hollywood. The change of attitude is extremely vital because the waste of the past was largely due to the mental attitude with which the studio workers approached the production of a picture.

"Because of this mental readjustment, I am very confident that in the future we shall be able to make pictures at a cost less than the present price levels—and we will make better pictures," he declared.

In other words, the Famous Players' executive means that the studio workers whose checks have not been coming in since the closing of the plants, are beginning to get the idea that spending a million dollars on a picture does not necessarily mean making a good picture which has both entertainment qualities and box-office values. They are beginning to realize that a good picture can be made on a modest expenditure. They are finally acknowledging that high salaries have represented a very big percentage of the high cost of picture productions.

Lasky goes on to state that the real objective is to curtail waste, so that every dollar spent on a picture will return to the company one dollar's worth of value on the screen. "Then," he declared, "we will go ahead and make better pictures than ever."

Contrary to this expression from Mr. Lasky, and also to the belief of Mr. Zukor, is the opinion of F. J. Godsol, president of the Goldwyn

Lunchtime in the lunchroom of the *Goldwyn* studios. Among those present are *Kathlyn Williams* *June Mathis* and *Elliott Dexter*

Pictures Corporation. It is in the opinion expressed by this film magnate that I find reasons which substantiate my belief that the question of forcing film stars to accept lower salaries can be answered both negatively and affirmatively.

MR. GODSOL says definitely that the Famous Players-Lasky shut-down will not decrease the high cost of production in general, and stars' salaries in particular, because there are too few leading film artists, and too few really clever directors to choose from in America today. Consequently, he believes that in the long run producers must pay the prices demanded.

"Shutting down the studios will not remedy the situation," declared the Goldwyn president, "because as soon as they are reopened, the producers will start bidding again for the same actors and actresses. You see, we are all fishing out of the same pond. Naturally, salaries will soar once more."

Godsol is not the only producer who feels that movie actors and actresses cannot be forced into working for decreased salaries. Charles Ray, who boasts the duplex role of producer and star, cites his efforts to land Wallace Beery for a part. Ray learned he demanded $2,500 per week, and would have paid that amount gladly if Beery had been able to accept, because there is no one who can touch Beery in his type of role.

"There are always twenty or more people who stand at the head, and who are worth every cent they are paid. The same thing is true in every kind of industry, steel and manufacturing automobiles as well as of the motion picture industry," he said.

Harry Rapf, the Hollywood producer, believes that good stars and great directors at any price, save the producer money. He blames the long,

(*Continued on page* 29)

Hollywood film stars enjoying an idle hour, of which there are many now.

The MAIL MAN

The second fascinating instalment of the smashing fiction serial, "*The Mail Man*," in which *Bob Morley* discovers the identity of the post-office burglar. Fictionized from the *Film Booking Office's* screen version of *Emelie Johnson's* story

By Charles Warnerby

THE ACTION THUS FAR:

Bob Morley is a postman living happily with his family, the son of which works in the office with Bob. Due to the illness of a fellow postman, Bob is compelled to take a night route, and while he is absent from the office, Johnnie is overpowered by a masked man, who tries to rob the post-office. Bob returns, finds the front door jimmied and is about to investigate, when a heavy explosion occurs within the post-office.

THE sudden jar and muffled roar of the explosion within the post-office vault left Bob Morley clinging somewhat dizzily to the door he was trying to close. The knowledge of what it meant, that yeggmen or safe-blowers were at work within the post-office, petrified him with the sense of all it suggested. And then there was Johnnie! Where was he? was he dead? Had they killed him before going forward to blast open the safe that contained registered packages of money?

Silence had followed the dull jar of the explosive, and in the uncanny stillness, Bob heard the puppy whimper softly at his feet. At this slight murmur of life beneath him, the paralysis that had encompassed his limbs vanished and his brain cleared with a fresh emotion. A violent sense of outrage at the crime that had been committed possessed him, obliterating all sense of personal caution.

Within, along the black corridors that lay before him, desperate criminals were at work robbing the government mails, and his old tradition of service and of loyalty to his job invaded him to the point of madness. Blindly, and with one object only in his mind—that of reaching the room where Johnnie worked and of securing the revolver that lay hidden in a drawer—now drove him forward in an effort to frustrate the safe-blowers.

As he started back through the inky darkness, his foot descended upon something that was soft and yielding, and a sharp squeal apprised him that he had stepped on the puppy. Gathering the dog instinctively in his arms, he started forward again toward the distant room containing Johnnie.

THE puppy's squeal had penetrated the stillness of the post-office, through which was beginning to circulate the acrid fumes of nitroglycerine. Bob, in his excitement, never thought that the dog's sound might alarm the safe-blowers.

He continued groping his way along, drawing nearer the room where Johnnie worked, with the anguished sense of dread in his heart that even now Johnnie might be lying inside cold in death. Bob knew that a light burned in the sorting department, and he feared now to open the door leading to it that would expose him to the view of anyone standing in the dark corridor.

Suddenly he stopped dead still, the skin again rippling along his spine. Before him, within three feet, lay the knob of the door that opened on the room in which the revolver lay, but beyond this door, in the corridor in which he stood, he had heard a sound—a soft, swishing sound, as though a man's body had scraped against a wall. Riveted in suspense, Bob stood motionless, straining his ears for a further sound from the darkness beyond the door. He feared now to leap forward and turn the door knob, knowing that the light from beyond would throw him into clear relief.

Cold beads of perspiration broke out on Bob Morley's forehead. Dread, the vague, indefinable dread of the intangible, the unknown, obsessed him, holding him helpless in its icy clutch. Could he but gain the room beyond and the revolver . . .

But the room beyond might be occupied by the safe-blowers! The thought of this possibility made him hesitate still further. The dog in Bob's arms, sensing the situation with intuitive dog aggression, lifted his head in a sharp yap. In that instant, Bob felt himself illumined in the full glare of an electric flashlight. The round eye of yellow light punctuated the darkness not a dozen feet away. Bob watched it helplessly. How many men lay back of it he knew not, but something seemed to tell him that there was only one. In this event . . .

The sudden extinguishment of the yellow eye of light warned Bob that the person back of it was moving toward him in a sudden break for freedom. Instinctively, he moved over toward the center of the corridor, one arm still automatically clutching the puppy, while the other was outstretched to stop the fugitive.

The sudden impact of a man's body struck Bob's arm, and his fingers closed vise-like on some clothing. A violent wrenching of the other's form released he coat from Bob's grasp, and a moment later a vivid jet of flame that was mingled with a heavy roar sent Bob reeling back against the wall.

"He wore a mask," said Johnnie, "but there seemed to be something familiar about him.

HE HAD felt the impact of the bullet in the body of the puppy he still clasped in his arms, and that now had saved his life. The sound of rapid, retreating footsteps along the corridor warned Bob that the burglar was escaping. a cry of alarm rose to his throat.

"Help! help! Burglars!" he shouted, starting forward toward the outer door, still carrying the lifeless form of the little dog.

The empty street without resounded with Bob's cries, but no sign of the burglar was visible. Slowly he retraced his steps through the dark corrodior to the room containing Johnnie. Swinging open the door now without hesitation, Bob entered the sorting room, looking dazedly and desperately for Johnnie.

Bob stumbled forward in trembling dread, fearful lest he come full upon the lifeless form of his beloved son. A low moan from the floor beyond the yellow circle of light, brought Bob in an instant to Johnnie's side, where he found him, bound, gagged and helpless.

Recalling, for the first time, the puppy in his arms, Bob stooped to deposit it on the floor. The scarlet trail of its little life, that now traced itself down his oilskin coat to a pool at his feet, brought Bob to a realization of what the bullet from the burglar's pistol had done. Sadly, he deposited the little dog on the floor, and turned to release Johnnie.

The latter, cramped from the rope that bound him, tried to say something as his father started to unbind his arms. Bob interpreted it as a request that the gag be removed.

"DAD!" were Johnnie's first words, as the handkerchief was released from its position in his mouth. "Did he get the money?"

"I don't know, son," Bob answered. "All I do know is that the burglar, whoever it was, killed that little dog over there and got away."

Bob's heart was heavy as he made this admission. The knowledge that he had had an opportunity to intercept and capture the safe-blower haunted him accusingly. And now, if the money was gone in the vaults beyond, it was he who was to blame for it.

"Well, Johnnie," he said finally, "I'm glad you weren't hurt, son. I was afraid when I found

the door jimmied that you had been killed."

"I'm glad, too, Dad," Johnnie answered, rising to his feet and stretching himself. "He came on me unexpectedly from behind and held me up with a gun."

Bob turned for another glance at the inanimate form of the little puppy. It was the same gun that had killed the dog.

"What did he look like, Johnnie?" he questioned, his mind striving desperately with the problem of the government's loss and the possible capture of the burglar.

"I couldn't see, Dad," the boy replied. "He wore a mask. But there was something familiar about him; I don't know what it was. But if I saw him again, I'd know him, Dad. I'm sure I would."

A sound of quick heavy footsteps sounded in the corridor without, and as Bob and Johnnie turned, there suddenly appeared framed in the doorway, the massive form of a policeman with an automatic pistol in his hand.

"What's wrong?" he demanded harshly, as he took in with a swift glance the sorting room, its two men occupants and the dead dog.

"It was a burglar!" Bob blurted. "He tried to jimmy the front door, then got in through a window here, and bound and gagged my son. I came back from the night collection and found the door had been fooled with. Just as I was coming in to investigate, the explosion took place, and then I met him in the hall, and he took a shot at me and killed the dog!"

THE policeman's eyes had suspiciously held Bob's during his recital, but the evident honesty of the latter and the sight of his uniform convinced him, apparently, that he was telling the truth.

Back of the first officer, another now appeared, also with drawn revolver, and the two stood silently inspecting Bob and Johnnie until the first patrolman broke the silence.

"Did he get away with anything?" he asked quickly.

Bob shook his head.

"I don't know," he answered simply. "He was in the vault, and I haven't been there yet."

"Come on then, let's go!" the first commanded, and together, Bob and Johnnie with the two patrolmen, went out into the corridor and down to the department containing the vaults. The flashlights of the policemen showed both Bob and Johnnie that although the outer door had been blown completely off its hinges, the inner door of thin sheet steel was still intact, the money untouched.

"He didn't get a thing!" Bob announced joyfully.

Together they made their way out to the front of the building, where the door was examined, exposing the marks of the jimmy.

"Well, it was a yegg, all right," one of the officers remarked, as he swept his flashlight about the doorway and out into the street.

A sudden exclamation from the other policeman brought the four men to the curb, where, in clear relief in the soft mud was the imprint of a shoe with a worn rubber heel.

"That was him, I guess," the first officer said, "and he wasn't losin' no time, either. Look at his other footprint 'way over there!"

The direction the footprints pointed led toward an opposite alley down which the burglar had probably vanished, following his flight from the post-office.

"Well, that's all that can be done about that," the policeman remarked. "Hennesy, you'd better stay here until you're relieved to see that nobody walks away with the post-office."

"All right, Sergeant," the patrolman answered.

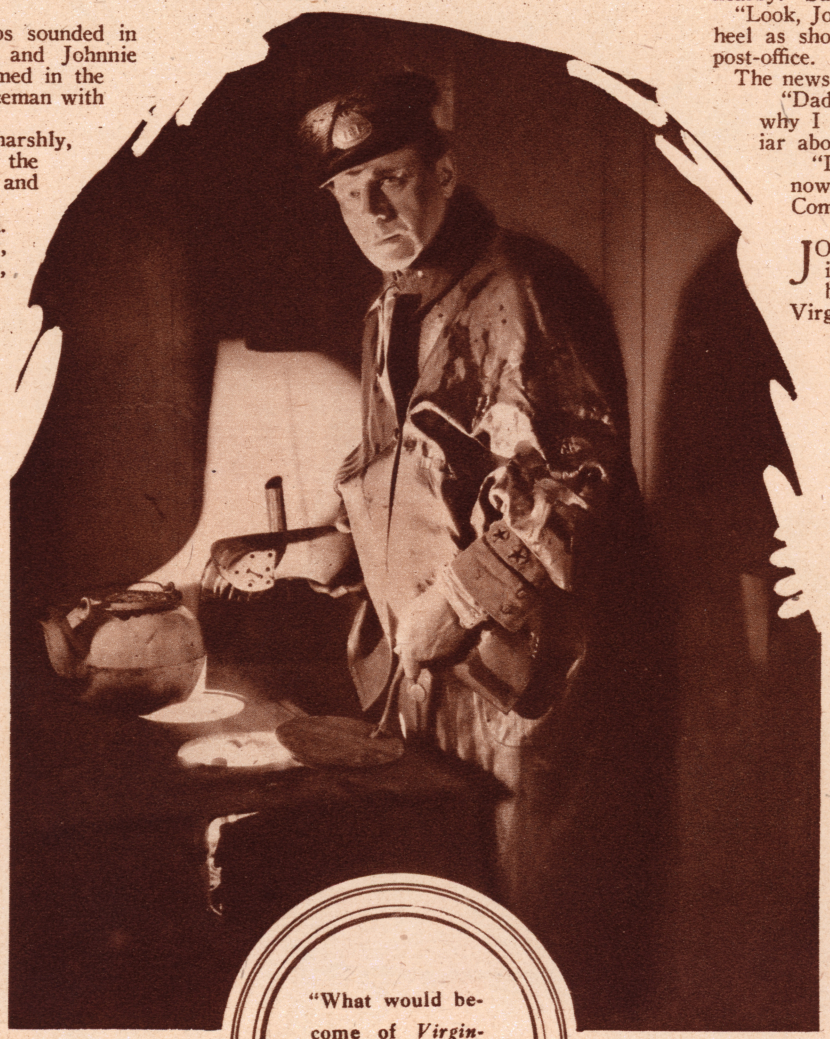
"There'll be an investigation on this in the morning," Bob declared, "and I'd like you officers' names."

"Oh, we'll be here," the first patrolman replied, as Johnnie and Bob re-entered the post-office and carried the remains of the dead dog to the street without.

"Poor little feller," Bob murmured as they left him by the curb near the footprint the policeman's flashlight had disclosed. "If I'd let him alone, he'd be alive now. But I might be dead," he added as an afterthought.

It was approaching midnight as Johnnie and Bob said good-bye to the officer on guard and started toward home. The excitement of the night had told upon each of them and the thought of his bed at home was the pleasantest in Bob's mind.

"Bet Mother and Betty will be worried," Bob remarked as they hurried down a side street toward home.



"What would become of *Virginia?" Bob* thought, as he stood there

"Guess they'll know something kept us," Bob grunted as he walked rapidly along. "Say!" he asked suddenly. "Isn't that a light in our house?"

Johnnie squinted ahead and then shook his head slightly.

"No, Dad," he answered. "It's Morgan's next door. I'll bet the old man's home and raising Cain again. Poor Virginia. He makes life a burden for her."

"WELL, if I had my way, I'd make life a burden for him," Bob snapped angrily. "The burden of a suit of stripes."

"I know, Dad," Johnnie said sympathetically, "but if he went to jail, what would become of Virginia?"

"She'd be better off without him," Bob answered. "He's no good, that feller!"

As they drew near the Morgan home, a sound of loud speech greeted them, followed by a sound of breaking glass and the landing at their very feet of an object that in the darkness was indistinguishable.

Stooping, Bob picked up the object at his feet and discovered it to be a man's shoe. "Hello!" he exclaimed, looking into the window of the house from which the sounds of angry altercation had come. "Jack Morgan's in a rage over something and has just thrown a shoe at one of the children."

The picture disclosed within the lighted room of Morgan and his two children confirmed this belief, and Johnnie felt his heart contract with anguish at the sight of little Virginia's face, white and terror-stricken before her father's angry outburst.

Bob turned to look at the shoe in his hand, the rubber heel of which was visible in the light that streamed upon the sidewalk from the house nearby. Suddenly a low exclamation escaped him.

"Look, Johnnie!" he cried softly. "It's the same heel as showed in the mud up there outside the post-office. It was Morgan that blew that safe!"

The news left Johnnie speechless for a moment.

"Dad!" he faltered finally. "Then that's why I seemed to remember something familiar about him."

"It sure is," Bob answered grimly, "and now this shoe is all the evidence we need. Come along, son."

JOHNNIE silently followed his father into their home next door, oppressed by the knowledge that the father of Virginia was a burglar and would now, in the course of things, be compelled to go to jail, leaving her unprotected, at the mercy of the world. What had to be had to be, however, he concluded.

They found Mrs. Morley and Betty had retired, and without another word to his father, Johnnie followed suit.

Going into the kitchen, Bob, with Morgan's shoe in his hand, paused an instant before the kitchen stove.

"It'll send him up for twenty years," he muttered as he looked at the shoe and thought of the damaging evidence it constituted. But Johnnie's words about Virginia, Morgan's child, came back to Bob with sudden force and cogency.

"What would become of Virginia?"

He knew only too well the ways of Morgan that made life for his two children a thing that was a burden to bear. The conviction now of the mainstay of this unfortunate household was a desirable consummation for society at large, but it would prove, in all probability, a misfortune for the children it left helpless. Still—right was right, and the punishment of Morgan was something that was foreordained.

All of this went chasing through Bob's mind as he stood, shoe in hand, before the glowing kitchen stove.

Bob sensed intimately Johnnie's feeling in the matter. He knew his son was interested in Virginia.

In the doorway leading to the ground floor bedroom that he and his wife occupied, suddenly appeared Mrs. Morley in night attire.

"Bob," she said, "what kept you?"

Morley turned to her, instinctively masking the true account of the night's doings.

"A burglar tried to break into the post-office, dear," he answered.

Mrs. Morley, woman-like, was at once all interest.

"Did he get in?" she asked.

"No, dear," said Bob, reassuring her. And then, "I'll tell you all about it in the morning."

Mrs. Morley nodded and withdrew from the doorway, while Bob went back to the problem that lay before him.

For several moments he stood there, the victim of conflicting emotions, and then, his mind at last made up, he reached for the stove lid.

From an upper room, he heard Johnnie's voice call, "Good night, Dad!"

He raised the stove lid and disclosed a glowing mass of coals. Dropping the shoe in their midst, he placed the cover in position again.

"Good night, Johnnie," he called softly. For Virginia's sake he had destroyed the evidence that would have convicted Morgan.

(*Continued next week*)

Have you an Innocent Face?

This was the *qualification* one girl had to meet when an *English producer* went seeking a *screen heroine*

By Ruth Mabrey

EVER since Theda Bara introduced the vampire into our screen scheme of things, movie-struck girls have strutted up and down before their mirrors in their most slinkish manner, trying to see what kind of movie vamps they would make. Nita Naldi, Barbara La Marr, Louise Glaum—a whole succession of seductive sirens has floated across the stage since Theda played in "A Fool There Was." The vampire was very much the thing.

But now times have changed! If you have been practicing your most alluring smile on the mirror—not to mention your best beau—it's time you changed your tactics. At least if you want screen success. For the latest requirement for the screen, if you please, is—an innocent face!

Think of that! Suppose you were called on to take a screen test in which the chief requirement was a face entirely without guile. Do you think you could pass such a test? Is your face innocent looking enough for that?

That, you see, was the situation which was presented to a number of English actresses lately—and you will agree that it was quite a test! Not only must they be beautiful and photograph well enough to satisfy the judges, not only must they be the proper type, but they must appear absolutely innocent. And that, when you consider the hard knocks and struggles a screen actress has to undergo in her rise to fame—that is a large order to expect from a star.

The producers agreed that it was, but the innocent expression, nevertheless, was what they had to find. It was a necessary qualification for the leading role in "Miriam Rozella," which is now being filmed in England. It is the picture version of a novel by B. L. Farjeon which created quite a sensation in England a few months ago when it was first published.

And well it might have created a sensation! Because the theme of the novel, if you please, is a wager on a woman's honor! And that, if you are a believer in the age-old "death rather than dishonor" theory, is, you will agree, quite a thing to wager on!

THE heroine of the story, of course, has all sorts of temptations besetting her. She is a large-souled, innocent young girl, whose wealth and social position are suddenly swept away, leaving her face to face with poverty. She comes under the influence of a group of dissolute society idlers and then, as you can see for yourself, the excitement begins. Yes, you've guessed it—the men all offer her jewels and furs and silks and satins. Ah, but there's a string to the offer!

Naturally, with so many temptations, the girl has quite a struggle keeping out of the mire. And so skeptical are her acquaintances of her ability to do so that a wager is placed on her honor. Fancy that, now! But, of course, woman's honor comes out triumphant in the end—it always does!

So now you see the problem that faced the Astra-National Productions, the English producers of this picture. They had the difficult task of selecting an actress emotionally capable of playing such a role, beautiful enough for the screen—and innocent enough looking to be convincing. She must be so thoroughly virginal in her appearance that no one would have the slightest doubt of her ability to withstand temptation.

So they set out to find her—"the most innocent face in all England!"

Quite a quest the producers had in store! Dozens of actresses applied for the role, convinced that they looked innocent, whether they were or not. Out of the numbers who wished to try for the part, the producers selected about a dozen who were given screen tests. There was great suspense among the actresses on trial; the role is an important one.

Finally the judges announced their decision. Miss Moyna Macgill had the honor to be pronounced the most innocent looking girl in England! Out of all the actresses who were tried out for the role, she was the only one who registered a sufficiently guileless expression on the screen to meet the requirements of the part.

Three cheers for Moyna Macgill!

And certainly, with a plot like that, "Miriam Rozella" should be quite a picture. Many a breathless audience will gasp with suspense as they watch the sorely tried heroine outwit those who seek her ruin. Moyna Macgill's innocent face will doubtless bring tears to the eyes of those who watch her. Certainly if the most innocent face in all England can't bring the tears, nothing can!

Sometimes it pays to look innocent.

Moyna MacGill, who had the honor to be pronounced the most innocent-looking girl in *England.*

"If you want BEAUTY— WALK, WALK, WALK!" Says Mae Murray

Charming screen star, whose *form* is a *model* of *feminine loveliness*, declares that open road is open sesame to *good looks*

By Grace Kingsley

"I think that the greatest bodily energy builder is a walk,' declared *Miss Murray*.

"HEAVENS' sake! It looks like Mae Murray!"

"Mae Murray! Nonsense! That luxurious young lady? . . . Why, you're crazy! It's eleven o'clock and awfully dark up here!"

But it *was* Mae Murray!

Our motor was dashing down the steepest part of Vine Street, in Hollywood, and the lights had suddenly flashed on a graceful feminine form trailing down the hill.

"Something must have happened," said my friend. We stopped the car.

"What's wrong?" we asked the young lady, who merely turned and smiled calmly at us.

"Nothing is wrong," said Miss Murray. "I always take a walk at this time, before going to bed. Oh, I leave my jewels at home, you may be sure. But I find a walk at night the best sedative in the world. Oftimes the cares of the day would keep me awake if I didn't take my nightly walk."

"Then I'm going to get out and walk with you!" I determined heroically.

"Oh, that'll be fine," said Miss Murray sweetly.

So together we headed for Hollywood Boulevard, downhill, with me reflecting comfortably that I shouldn't have to walk back as she would.

"Never until recently," said Mae, "have I given myself credit for being so energetic. My actions were natural for me, but when I began receiving so many inquiries as to where I got the seemingly abnormal energy that others attributed to me, I decided to try and seek the source from whence it came. And I began analyzing. I could come to only one conclusion. It was my manner of living.

"FOR some time past, my friends have called me the 'blonde gypsy.' I thought it was because I had portrayed gypsy or bohemian roles in several of my pictures. Now I can see that the nickname has a double meaning, and one of these meanings practically answers the question about this energy. I am a gypsy! A gypsy by choice, because I love the open spaces, the hills, the trees, and, in fact, nature in its entirety."

Fancy that! You who have thought of the exotic Mae Murray as a hot-house plant—just listen.

Mae Murray before her *California* home.

"I think that the greatest bodily energy builder is a walk, and by that I mean a real walk, not merely a jaunt of a block or two. No matter what is wrong with me, I almost always can cure it by walking. If I have a misunderstanding with somebody, if I grow angry—which I seldom allow myself to do, by the way—a walk in the open blows all the cobwebs out of my brain.

"Walking is becoming a lost art. To the fact I really lay up many of our mental disorders, the crimes that infest our cities, our unhealthy pleasures, even the use of drugs. There are really people in the world who don't know what a good walk is.

"We are all in too much of a hurry to walk. We see motors whizzing past, and we hate to be left behind. We lose patience and take a taxi or a street car or order up our own car. I suppose when airships come into general use, it will be still worse.

"I CANNOT think of anything more wonderful than a good brisk walk in a rain, even a hard rainstorm. Then there are the walks in the bright morning, and those late at night, like my present stroll."

"Yes," I panted. I was glad she thought it was a stroll, and didn't try to really walk.

But presently she grew so interested in her subject, that she began to walk faster. I trotted alongside, trying to listen as well as walk.

"Walking is something more than physical exercise," she said. "It is an aid to observation. When you are whizzing along, do you ever stop to notice things much? More, it is a humanizing exercise. You pause to pat a dog sympathetically;

(*Continued on page 27*)

Big Bill HART

**Famous portrayer of *West-*
Bill Hickok"—"*Ponjola,*"
Doug, Jr., and "*Flaming*
tures of the week reviewed

Bill Hart,* the big, bold bad man, has a soft spot in his heart for pretty *Kathleen O'Connor* in *"Wild Bill Hickok."

"WILD BILL HICKOK"
Two-Gun Bill Hart Still a Good Marksman

Presented at the Rialto Theatre, New York, by Paramount Pictures, with a cast headed by William S. Hart, Ethel Grey Terry and Kathleen O'Connor. Directed by Clifford Smith.

Bill Hart returns to the screen with a bang! His trigger finger works just as steadily and just as surely as it ever did. Even after such a long absence from the screen, the two-gun man juggles his guns with the old-time grace and ease, and is just as capable of shooting up a whole squad of bandits, the bullets flying from his trick pistols with the rapidity of a machine gun.

For his return to the silver sheet, Hart has delved into American history and extracted a famous figure by name of James Butler Hickok, alias "Wild Bill Hickok." Wild Bill was a fearless man of the old Western days, and when he shot he shot to kill. There is probably no record of the number of Wild Bill's victims. He shot them wholesale. But let it be said right here that he was not a bad man at heart. He never killed good people. He was a gunman with a conscience and a soul. His victims were bad people who were cluttering up the earth, and Wild Bill appointed himself and his trusty guns as the means of ridding the earth of them.

Needless to say, Bill's screen version of the life of famous Wild Bill is as exciting as any of the real-gun battles that are being staged almost daily by our modern and more heartless bandits. The story itself is not so bad. At least, it started famously and then slid down into the depths of hokum. But, hokum or no, Bill Hart and his dangerous toys are there, every minute, and that is all one looks for in a Bill Hart film. He still shoots the bottles off the bar, missing none out of a couple of dozen. It looks so easy and seems to be such an exciting pastime that our first thought on leaving the theatre was to find a nice shooting gallery and cut loose.

However, all this matters not as much as the fact that Bill Hart is back. If you like Bill Hart you won't mind the poor story. He had a large following and we suppose his fans are still loyal to him. We hope so, at any rate. And they'll make no mistake when they turn out to see Bill do his stuff in his new picture.

"PONJOLA"
The Adventures of a Countess in Africa

Presented at the Strand Theatre, New York, by First National Pictures, with a cast headed by Anna Q. Nilsson, James Kirkwood, Marshall Tully, Joseph Kilgour and Harry Myers.

"Ponjola" is the sort of moving picture that most fans will enjoy regardless of the fact that it is filled with many absurd and highly improbable situations. Which leads us to wonder what does make a good picture good. We have seen productions that were made with the utmost care; productions that had good casts and cost a lot of money, and still they were tedious

***James Kirkwood* and *Anna Q. Nilsson* have had an argument. (From *"Ponjola."*)**

comes back to SCREEN

ern roles appears in "*Wild*
"*Stephen Steps Out,*" with
Youth," among other pic-
:: *By Mary Jane Warren*

Colleen Moore looks guilty and startled when she is caught "necking" by *Elliott Dexter* and *Myrtle Stedman* in "*Flaming Youth.*"

and uninteresting. "Ponjola" was not made with particular care. It is too jerky. The action jumps around so much that it is difficult to piece the story together. We do not know how much money it cost, but we are sure the figures did not run up into the millions, as some of the current films advertise. Still, it is fairly good entertainment. Perhaps, like a stage player, a picture must have personality. Then we will say that "Ponjola" has personality, if nothing else. It is adapted from the story by Cynthia Stockley. The locale is Africa, where an English countess has fled to avoid unpleasant scandal in London, and also to redeem the man she loves. She masquerades as a boy in order to be with him constantly. We wonder that he ever had the courage to reform after the amount of hard liquor he consumed. And, by the way, drinking liquor and cyanide of potassium seems to be the favorite sport in Africa.

Anna Nilsson cut off her lovely blonde locks to play the part of a boy, and she makes a very pretty boy, indeed. Her performance is not as good as usual, but then, it is a difficult role. James Kirkwood is a capable actor, but as we read the story we expected a much younger looking man in the role of Lundi Druro.

Doug, Jr. is completely "put-out" in this scene from "*Stephen Steps Out.*"

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"STEPHEN STEPS OUT"

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. Follows in His Dad's Footsteps

Presented at the Rivoli Theatre, New York, by Paramount Pictures, with a cast composed of Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Theodore Roberts, Noah Beery, Harry Myers, Frank Currier, James O. Barrows, Fannie Midgley, Bertram Johns, George Field, Maurice Freeman, Fred Warren, Pat Moore, Jack Herbert and Frank Nelson.

In "Stephen Steps Out," Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. proves that he was not given a starring role simply for the attraction his name might have to movie fans. He is an actor and a star in his own right absolutely, and even were his name just Bill Jones and he had no claim to a world-famous male parent, we are certain it would not be long before young Doug would attract a bit of a crowd himself when his name was billed at a movie house. He is the nicest looking boy we have seen in ages. His smile is delightful and about the most notable resemblance to his dad. His clean cut, wholesome manner and winning personality is a most refreshing change in a screen season dominated by Kings and Lords and voluptuous vamps. Here is a dandy picture for youngsters, and we're for lots more pictures like it. Children seem to form a large part of picture audiences, particularly in the neighborhood houses, and we certainly hate to see any nice little child looking at the dark deeds and wild, wicked love as shown in the majority of film plays. "Stephen Steps Out" is just the thing to entertain little boys and big boys, too, to say nothing of Dad and Ma who will, no doubt, enjoy it as thoroughly as the kids.

The story concerns young Stephen Harlow, who gets away with any sort of prank he cares to devise because his father, a millionaire packer, owns the school he is in. It is understood that Stephen will be passed at examinations and given his diploma regardless of his marks. Papa must be jollied along so that the money will keep flowing into the school cash box. One professor, who has written a complete history of Turkey in five volumes, will not pass Stephen. Stephen Harlow, Sr., in his wrath, causes the poor old man to lose his job and chases Stephen to Turkey with a private tutor to study history with atmosphere, so that he may get his diploma in the fall. The boy meets a publicity man, and after several adventures

(*Continued on page 29*)

THOMAS MEIGHAN
who is appearing in
"Woman Proof"

NITA NALDI
who is appearing in
"The Ten Commandments"

"I'm tired of 'Glorifying the American Girl'—for the MOVIES!" says FLO ZIEGFELD

Noted producer of "Follies" declares that he no sooner makes a girl famous than she up and signs a *movie contract*, leaving him flat

By Alma M. Talley

FLO ZIEGFELD has a grievance! You'd never suspect, would you, that a man so eminently successful could have any troubles at all? A man who has become famous for "glorifying the American girl" should have nothing to kick about, it would seem.

But he has! He has a grievance against "those picture guys"—to put it in Mr. Ziegfeld's own quaint figure of speech. How would you like, he wants to know—and his question is in order—to spend all kinds of money training a girl to wear clothes and walk gracefully and dance and make the most of her charms (in other words to "glorify" her) and then, when you get her all glorified, to have some movie magnate come along with a fat contract and fountain pen under his arm? And just to rub it in, the movie magnate uses the girl's Follies' reputation to exploit her, as a talking point.

You wouldn't like all that, would you, if you were a champion glorifier? Of course you wouldn't, and neither does Mr. Ziegfeld. When he teaches a novice how to be a charmer, he does so with the expectation that it will be his audience that she will charm, and not an audience of movie fans.

And you can't blame Mr. Ziegfeld at that! Just look at all the shining screen lights who used to shine for him. To begin with the latest example—there's Mary Eaton. Just as Flo had made her sufficiently famous to be a real little help about the stage—not to mention the box office—Mary dashes off on her own and joins the movies. We don't blame Mary for grabbing opportunity around the neck, but neither do we blame Mr. Ziegfeld for being annoyed. Especially when Mary was, as you might say, the straw that broke the camel's back. For Mary was only one of a long, long list of Follies' girls who took their glory to the picture studios.

Dorothy Mackaill, who broke out of the "*Follies*" into the *Cooper-Hewitts* of screen fame.

Mae Murray is a famous example. Miss Murray began her career as the Nell Brinkley girl in the Follies of 1915, and the next year she was shown in a movie skit running down the aisle to the stage. When the screen was lifted, there was Mae, in the exact position she had been shown on the screen. And there were movie magnates in the house—there always are! They like to sit and bask in the glory shed at the Follies! Anyway, they saw Mae and that is why you see her now, on the screen.

Marion Davies is another screen star who began her career in the "*Follies*."

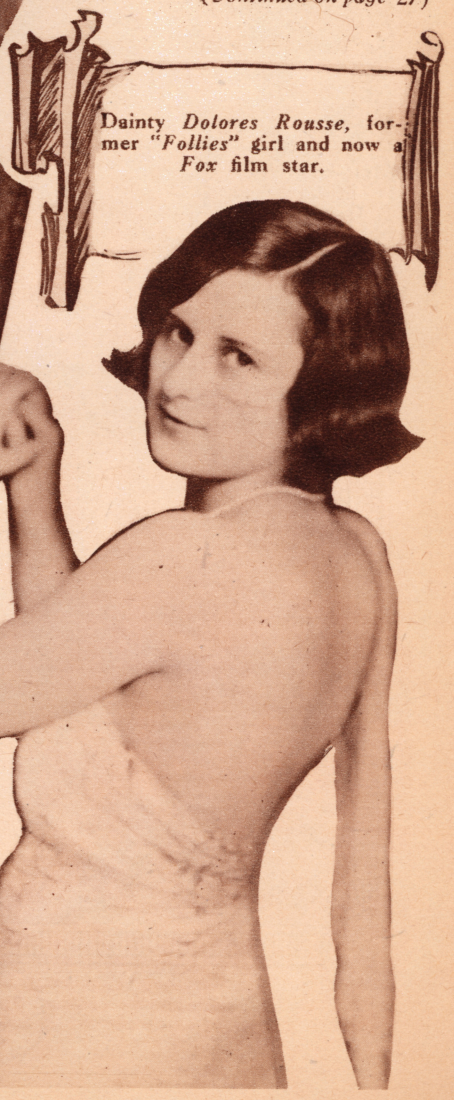
And take Marion Davies. The chances are her name would never have been known to picture fans had she not sparkled first on the stage—especially on Mr. Ziegfeld's stage.

Not, of course, that Follies' girls who become famous don't do so because of their talent. But undoubtedly their Follies' reputation helps. Mr. Ziegfeld is known as a good picker, and when he thinks a girl is good-looking enough for his chorus, you can pretty well bet that she's a beauty. And there's a glamor, somehow, about being a Follies' girl that makes the movie magnates watch the Follies' stage for their stars of tomorrow. When a male star looks about for a new leading woman, he does his looking about at the New Amsterdam Theatre. It pays to look there, even if looking *is* expensive.

And as for the glamor attached to a Ziegfeld girl—after all that's Flo's own fault. Naturally if you go to work and "glorify" a girl, there is going to be a lot of glory about her; and what's the difference, anyway, between glory and glamor?

But you can easily see why Mr. Ziegfeld should be a little put out at all these picture men. Just look at the girls they've taken away from his Follies—Martha Mansfield, Shannon Day, Dorothy Mackaill, Kathlyn Perry, Renee Adoree, Billie Dove and heaven knows how many others. We couldn't possibly keep track of them all.

(*Continued on page 27*)



Dainty *Dolores Rousse*, former "*Follies*" girl and now a *Fox* film star.

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"Anna Christie"

A Drama of BRUTAL STRENGTH

BLANCHE SWEET PORTRAYS NEW TYPE OF HEROINE IN SCREEN VERSION OF FAMOUS STAGE PLAY.

I.—*Anna Christie* (*Blanche Sweet*) has grown up with farmer relatives. Circumstances have led her into an immoral existence.

III.—*Anna* is rejuvenated by the clean ocean air. She falls in love with *Mat Burke* (*William Russell*), a stoker whom they have rescued.

II.—She longs for the sea, however, and goes to *New York* to meet her father, *Chris* (*George Marion*). Idealizing her, he rejoices in their reunion and takes her with him on his coal barge.

IV.—But *Chris*, who hates the sea, says no sailor shall marry his daughter, and a desperate fight ensues between the two men.

V.—*Anna* interrupts their fighting to tell them of her past, because her love for *Mat* is too great to permit deception. *Chris* is completely crushed by her confession.

VI.—*Mat* bitterly tries to forget her, but after days of torment he returns to *Anna* and tells her he loves her in spite of everything.

Are they as wicked off the Screen as on?

Lowell Sherman, popular young screen and stage star, grants exclusive interview to _Movie Weekly_

By Nanette Kutner

A CERTAIN question has been running through our head for days. Are movie villains as wicked off the screen as they are on? In other words, do the home wreckers of reel life practice that indoor sport in real life? We wanted to know the truth, so we decided to ask someone who ought to be well versed in such matters. Whom did we pick out, you ask? Why, Lowell Sherman, of course. We think he is a champion when it comes to screen villainy, and therefore, we reasoned, he ought to relieve our curiosity regarding the wicked movie men.

Mr. Sherman was acting in that very popular stage play, "Morphia," when we had the good fortune to meet him. As we entered his dressing room, we wondered just how we should word our questions. Mr. Sherman, are you as wicked off the screen as on, or Mr. Sherman, how many homes have you wrecked this week? That certainly wouldn't sound very tactful and we must be tactful in this game or else we might get fired. We decided just to talk to the gentleman and draw our own conclusions as to the extent of his wickedness. While we watched him apply his make-up, we started conversing about that ever-absorbing topic—women!

"Do you think they are fascinating?" we asked.

"Yes, all women are fascinating," Mr. Sherman answered as he ran the comb through his thick black hair.

"Why are they fascinating?" we queried.

"Well, I've never been able to understand women yet," he replied. "I guess if one understood them thoroughly one wouldn't like them. It's what a man doesn't understand about women that makes them fascinating to him."

"Are dangerous women more attractive than others?" we asked, as we pictured to ourselves a snaky, slinky vampire.

"To tell the truth I've never met a dangerous woman, there 'ain't no such animal'; if there is, I have yet to meet her." As Mr. Sherman made this surprising remark, he put the finishing touches to his make-up. "There are all sorts of women," he continued. "Take the flapper, for instance. I think she is very sweet, she might be a little naughty, but she is still quite nice. My advice to flappers is to keep right on flapping, and to save up their money to spend in theatres so we actors can live," he said with a twinkle in his eyes.

"What about the woman with personality?" we questioned.

"The lucky woman who has intelligence and personality is by far the most attractive of all. Of course she has to have a natural personality; if she tries to acquire it, why, it just becomes a pose. All women are lovely," he added, "they are the greatest audience in the world, besides being the most enthusiastic audience in the universe."

"It's what a man doesn't understand about women," said _Lowell Sherman_, "that makes them fascinating to him."

WE THEN discussed the play Mr. Sherman is appearing in. You know, it is the tale of a dope fiend who is cured of his terrible habit by love.

"Do you really think love can cure a dope fiend?" we asked.

"Love can cure anything," he answered. "Love is very hard to find; wait and it will come to you. The Lord has more to do with it than anything else. I don't know whether love is due to luck or God; I think it's God."

"Have you ever been in love?" Needless to say, it took all our nerve to ask that question.

"Yes," he replied, "I've been in love lots of times, but I think there is only one real love. Mother love is the one real love because it's entirely unselfish. Everything that's unselfish must be real and incidentally fine."

We gasped. Could this be a villain talking? We could hardly believe our ears! You must admit he didn't sound at all wicked, and we couldn't help wondering if he liked playing villains when he really seems so different.

"I don't care whether I play the hero or the villain as long as I accomplish something worth while," he told us. "It's only the useless parts that I don't care for, as long as I have a good part which achieves something I don't care if the role is the villain or not."

"Are you making any pictures at present?" we inquired as we secretly admired his strong face.

YES, I have just finished a picture called 'The Bright Lights of Broadway'; we actors work pretty hard although most people don't think so." He was just about to say something else when we interrupted. You see, we had been busy taking down notes and as usual the point of our pencil broke. Mr. Sherman hunted around for a pencil and at last he found a nice sharp one, which he gave us. We decided to keep it for a souvenir.

We had to take our leave then, as the curtain was about to go up. Just before we left Mr. Sherman told us that his favorite pastime is motoring to some nice place where he can take a swim, and that certainly isn't a deep, dyed villainous occupation. We left him then, and as we watched him act in "Morphia" we were more firmly convinced than ever that he is one wonderful actor. We knew we had found the answer to our question, for although we didn't ask him outright if he was wicked, we discussed all sorts of topics with him and we can tell from his interesting conversation that he is just as nice as he can be.

He thinks all women are lovely, so of course after a remark like that we just *had* to like him, and we are sure you will, too. As for being wicked——! We expected him to be a regular devil, but we were deigned to be disappointed. He is just as good as he can be, we can vouch for that. Mr. Sherman did *not* corrupt *our* morals, which certainly proves that he is not nearly so wicked off the screen as on.

The censors, by the way, he thinks, very often spoil the picture because they do not know enough about it. And although they might be obliged to censor some of Lowell's screen actions, they'll never have to censor him in real life. At least, if we were a censor, we shouldn't. He pleases us just the way he is, and we feel that he would be just as successful as the hero as he is as the villain, if he were given hero roles to play.

There is only one good reason why Lowell Sherman acts those villainous parts so well, and that's because he is an artist. If some of you are not satisfied, if you still want to know when a villain is not a villain, well, all we have to say is, ask Lowell Sherman. He knows.

The Girl Who Was Never Safe

(*Continued from page 5*)

the emotions that almost overwhelmed her. She felt how desperate her case must be since this trap had been so deliberately set and so carefully sprung. She glanced around the room, and took in some of its details.

The light that had so suddenly flashed up came from an electric lamp set in the ceiling and was evidently operated from outside of the room. The room was furnished with a bed, a bureau and washstand and some chairs, and no effort had been made to give it the least air of comfort. It was, evidently, intended for a prison, and looked like it.

"I know that it is not pretty," Don Morton said through the grating, as he saw her eyes glance about the room. "But you shall have the pretty things and plenty of them as soon as you come to terms. And I would advise you to be wise and come to terms very soon. You can't get out of here, enterprising as you are, for, knowing you, I have taken every precaution. Even this door bears testimony to your prowess, being reinforced with sheet iron."

"Coward!" she said, scornfully.

"Not a coward, but a wise man," he answered. "You are a very remarkable young lady, and not one to be treated in an ordinary way; hence the extraordinary precautions I have taken."

"You waste your time in trying to conquer my loathing of you," she said. "And we do not live in the Middle Ages, when a girl can be kidnapped and never heard of again. My father will find me."

"Why not say your lover?"

"No doubt he will. If he should, woe to you, Don Morton!"

"You are thinking that your friends will set out to look for you as soon as they cease to receive letters from you?"

"Yes."

"But they will receive letters regularly; that is provided for."

"Do you think you can force me to write at your dictation?"

"YOU shall be forced to do nothing at all, my dear. You are simply to remain here until you come to terms. The letters I speak of will be written by me."

"I think they will know they do not come from me."

"How little you understand my devotion," he answered. "But I mean that you shall understand everything. You see, I have that postal you wrote. Now, don't come to a hasty conclusion; they will not take alarm down there at not hearing from you, for that card was kept so that I might imitate your writing. And in order that you may comprehend how well I can do it, you shall see one of the copies I shall make. Then you will understand how easy it will be for me to send a nice little letter every now and then to keep your good folks safely at home. I don't mind letting you know that I do not wish them up here looking for you."

His easy, mocking tones filled Grace with a keener sense of her helplessness, and his wicked plot seemed so easy of execution that she began to feel the numbing consciousness of despair.

"What have I done to you that you should persecute me?" she cried with sudden passion.

"Done to me? Nothing, my dear. You are simply the most adorable creature I ever saw, and I can't live without you. Now, listen to me! I am not trifling with you, Grace Harper, but telling the truth; I love you, and will make you the happiest woman in the world if you will give up your foolish opposition and be mine."

"Marry you? Never!"

"Oh, I don't talk of marriage. You may marry that clodhopper Belden if you like, after a while; but I propose that you and I go over to Europe and have a good time for a while. You shall have all that money can buy; and, I tell you, it can buy anything. What do you say," he went on eagerly, "will you go with me? You never dreamed of such gowns or jewels as you shall have. I'll take you to every capital in Europe; I'll give you the best time ever a girl had. I don't make any pretence to——"

"Decency?" she interrupted, with fiery scorn. "No, you do not. It is a thing you cannot comprehend. You are so utterly base yourself that honesty and truth in man or woman must be beyond your comprehension. Why, if you could offer me all the riches of the earth, I would not barter my womanhood for them. What would they be worth to me if I were the impure wretch your vile imagination had conjured into being?"

"You'll stay here till you do consent to my proposition, and you shall be mine by fair means or foul; nor will I wait long for you to come to terms."

"I am not afraid of you," she answered. "I loathe and depise you more than ever, though that would have seemed impossible a few hours ago; but it was because I did not then know the depths to which it was possible to descend. Do your worst. I shall know how to protect myself."

Here's *Virginia Valli* in the winter bathing suit she designed herself. It's very pretty but—"Don't go near the water, *Virginia*."

"You fool!" he cried, furiously, "don't you know that I dare not fail now, after what I have done? Protect yourself? Why, I could overpower you with force, or stifle you with mephitic gases. I prefer to let you yield, and will give you until tomorrow morning to decide to do so. If you refuse, then take the consequences. You would not be the first one who has been conquered."

Don Morton slammed the sliding door, and instantly the deadliest of silences fell upon the room, making Grace realize that the door and the walls must have been deadened to make her prison the more complete in its isolation.

CHAPTER XI.

A Sudden Break

SHE sank down on her trunk, which happened to be the nearest object to her at the moment, and let her head sink between her hands. It was a cruel situation in which she found herself, and it was not strange that for the moment she should be unnerved; but the very sense of her peril roused her to action.

She started to her feet with clenched hands and looked about her. She recalled how her quick wit and resolution had enabled her to escape the snare Don Morton had set before, and she studied her prison now to discover its weak places.

She started toward the windows to examine them, but a sudden thought made her turn to her trunk and swiftly undo the straps and unlock it. With a trembling hand she searched under the clothes until her hand came upon the object she sought.

"Ah!" she murmured, with a deep sigh of relief, as she drew out a revolver, "I am not helpless with this."

She put the revolver away in the folds of her gown as quickly as possible, as the sudden thought came to her that she might be seen by some hidden spy. This thought, in fact, caused her to put a sudden check on herself. She must reflect carefully and act wisely.

It was not easy, under such stress, to collect her thoughts and bring her troubled emotions under control, but the dire necessity for doing so enabled her to effect it.

She sat down on one of the chairs, and with her eyes examined the room preparatory to scrutinizing it more closely. There were two windows in the room and two doors. The doors were both covered with sheet iron, newly and even roughly put on, but, manifestly, so secured as to defy such strength as she would be able to exert against them. As for the windows, they were curtained so she could not see how they had been guarded against her enterprise.

It filled her with especial uneasiness that the light could be manipulated from outside of the room, suggesting, as it did, the idea that she might also be under surveillance from some hidden peep-hole. She searched the walls and ceiling for such a hole, however, but was unable to discover any. There was, indeed, a spot on the wall beside the door by which she had entered, and she went over to it to see what it might be. It turned out to be a button, by which she could put out her light or turn it on, as she discovered by pressing it.

Having satisfied herself that she was not being spied on, Grace at once began a systematic study of the room, going first to the windows, and finding that they had been covered with iron in such a way as to render escape by them impossible.

It looked to her as if precaution had been taken against every possibility of escape for her, and she was almost overcome with despair; but, at the first sinking of her heart, she roused herself, shut her teeth close together, and murmured: "I must not give in. If I do not escape, I shall either die myself or kill that wretch. I must think, think hard."

A faint sound attracted her attention, but she disregarded it, thinking it was the creaking of the boards under her feet, for she had noted that the flooring was somewhat loose and uneven under the carpet, indicating that the house was old. The sound was repeated, however, and she turned her head in time to see a tray slipped into the room through an opening in the door near the floor.

The tray contained a daintily prepared supper, but Grace looked at it suspiciously, dreading any and everything from the scoundrel who had adopted the means he had for capturing her.

She was still looking it over when the little slide in the door through which Don Morton had talked to her was opened, and she saw there the face of the woman who had admitted her to the house.

"I cooked that supper for you," the woman said, "and I promise you it is as good as you'll get anywhere. If you want any kind of wine you may have it."

"I never drink wine," Grace answered, conquering her first impulse to upbraid the woman for her infamy in lending herself to Don Morton's purposes. "What I want is to escape from him. You are a woman; you were a girl once; you may have a daughter now. Won't you help me? I will repay you with all I possess, and with more when I earn it."

The woman laughed scornfully, and her hard features grew harder than before.

"Give me more than my employer, and you

(*Continued on page 28*)

CHIT CHAT

About the Stars

Louise Lorraine is sorry now that she tried to be so economical. In the "Fighting Blood" series there is one episode which required her to wear a boy's suit of long trousers.

Naturally, as she was wearing the suit for such a short time, Louise thought it foolish to spend much money on it, so she bought a cheap outfit at a Main Street clothing store. All made up for her part and wearing the new suit, she took her place in a ringside seat. Unfortunately, however, she sat right under the pail in which the sponge was kept.

And then the fun began, as the cartoon says! For at one point during George O'Hara's battle, the pail was tipped over on her lap, and a few minutes later there sat Louise—but she wasn't wearing long trousers; she was dressed in knickers!

◈ ◈ ◈ ◈ ◈

Olga Printzlau, scenario writer for Preferred Pictures, announces to a waiting world that she is about to be married.

She has the information on the authority of a Los Angeles soothsayer, who quite insists that the marriage will occur within two weeks—and here Miss Printzlau doesn't even know yet who the bridegroom is going to be.

◈ ◈ ◈ ◈ ◈

House Peters recently enacted as dramatic a scene in real life as any he portrays in "Held to Answer."

The scene was laid at his attractive home at Santa Monica. The time, quite recently. And the action revolved around the occasion of his ninth wedding anniversary. The drama was evoked by his nearly forgetting that epochal event!

◈ ◈ ◈ ◈ ◈

George A. Billings, who has been selected to play the title role of "The Dramatic Life of Abraham Lincoln," tells a good story that is said to have originated with Lincoln himself.

Mr. Billings was reminded of the anecdote when, in the action of the picture, he, as Lincoln, announced to his wife, "Well, Mary, we are nominated."

"That reminds me," said Mr. Billings, "of the old pioneer farmer in Illinois who had been elected sheriff and hurried home to tell his wife the good news. There were some fifteen or sixteen children in the family, who all began to dance around in great glee when they heard the good tidings.

"'Hurrah!' they shouted, clamoring about. 'We're sheriff! We're sheriff!'

"'Get out of here, you ignorant brats,' yelled their irate mother, 'they ain't nobody sheriff but me and yer pa!'"

◈ ◈ ◈ ◈ ◈

Mack Sennett never filmed a funnier scene than the one in which Mary Beth Milford figured lately. Mary Beth, you may or may not know, is the new little screen actress who recently made a huge hit on the stage in "The Music Box Revue," and then she went into movies. And now she is playing in the "Fighting Blood" series.

At eleven o'clock one evening, after Miss Milford had retired, she heard a window being stealthily opened. She called her mother, and the man fled from the window. The manager of the apartments was called and the tenants all aroused. Then followed a typical Mack Sennett chase, with a posse of flat dwellers chasing a burglar, their bath robes flapping in the breeze.

But the nearest they came to catching him was to hit him with a stick.

The Reel Dope

Edward Sloman, the director of the Metro production of "The Eagle's Feather," says that one of the most amusing features of his work is the instruction of inexperienced extras in the making of a scene.

"One afternoon," he relates, in particular, "I was explaining to a very green extra in cowboy make-up how the scene was to be handled, in which he played a small part with a wild bull.

"'Now the bull chases you for fifty feet,' I told him, 'and then you turn to the right and stop suddenly. He chases you for fifty feet—you understand?'

"He turned a little paler under his make-up. 'Oh, I understand, all right,' he said, hoarsely, 'but does the bull?'"

◈ ◈ ◈

David Butler, playing a chauffeur role in "Desire," for Louis Burston, is reminded of his favorite story, about a chauffeur.

"This chauffeur," said Dave, "was asked for references by his prospective employer.

"'Sorry, but I can't give you any,' was the chauffeur's reply. 'You see, each one of my last three employers died very suddenly, before they could write out recommendations for me.'"

◈ ◈ ◈

Baby Peggy starts in early to develope a taste for good literature

Harold Lloyd is free from one trouble that most screen stars find most annoying. He isn't recognized generally on the street, because without the shell-rimmed spectacles, he doesn't look like the same Harold Lloyd.

Recently, however, an incident occurred which led him to realize how lucky he usually is. He was attending a theatre in New York, when a sudden impulse led him to put on his companion's shell-rimmed spectacles. But his prank didn't last long, for suddenly he heard a woman say, "Oh, look, that looks like Harold Lloyd."

Harold took off the glasses.

◈ ◈ ◈

It was during the filming of "Hoodman Blind," at the William Fox West Coast studios, that two English actors visited the set and were quite charmed with the beauty of Gladys Hulette, who plays the lead in the picture. Their curiosity led them to inquire her identity from John Ford, the director.

"Why, that's Gladys Hulette," said Mr. Ford obligingly.

"Oh, 'Ulette?" echoed the first Englishman.

"No, Hulette," corrected Ford.

"And what part does she play?"

"Nance Yeulette," said Mr. Ford.

"No, no," replied the Englishman. "I know her name. But what part does she play?"

"Yeulette," repeated Mr. Ford, while the two Englishmen looked at each other in bewilderment.

"'Ulette?" they asked in unison.

"Listen," explained Mr. Ford patiently, "the girl's name is Hulette and she plays a character named Yeulette. Don't you understand?"

"Perfectly," declared the first Englishman. "'Ulette and 'Ulette, of course." But they shot questioning glances at each other, and at last accounts they were still worrying about it.

◈ ◈ ◈

You wouldn't think, to look at Buster Keaton's frozen face, that he had a sense of humor, but nevertheless he tells a good one now and then. His latest concerns a crank who wanted a man arrested.

"Officer," he insisted, "arrest this man. He gave me a nasty look."

"Well," replied the officer, glancing at the crank, "you've got the nasty look all right—but if I arrest him, you'll have to prove to the judge that he gave it to you."

◈ ◈ ◈

Enid Bennett, while working in "Strangers of the Night," which her husband. Fred Niblo, directed, overheard this:

"D'je hear?" asked one studio hand, "Pete got fired."

"He did, eh?" was the answer, "what for?"

"For good."

Shake hands with Ruggles—of RED GAP

Edward Horton, who portrays the character on the screen, presents a new type of film comedian :: _By Grace Greenwood_

SUPPOSING an editor said to you: "Go down and interview your own brother."

Wouldn't you feel foolish—sitting opposite him that way, with a pencil all poised and ready to pounce?

That's more or less how I felt about Eddie Horton. It was like sitting down opposite my own brother and saying, "Well, what shall we slip the dear public anyhow, old dear?"

We all knew him as Eddie around the theatre and around Los Angeles. He was our favorite leading man, down at the Majestic, our best liked comedian, our matinee idol despite the fact he abhorred that title—and if Eddie weren't in any particular play, why it just didn't seem legal, that was all!

And here he has been and gone and made himself a picture star! Or rather, "Ruggles of Red Gap" has made him one.

Here we had had a genius in our midst all the time and didn't know it.

"Oh, don't say that!" Eddie exclaimed with a good imitation of the perturbation of Ruggles. "I don't want anybody to say things like that! Just say, 'Horton played Ruggles and played it well,' and I'll be quite satisfied."

"Well, you seem like a rich star," I said, as I greeted him.

"Oh, no, I still owe money all around, just like a regular actor!" parried Horton.

You feel so much surer of yourself analyzing somebody you don't know. So I think I'll be different. I'll just let Eddie speak for himself, and let it go at that. He has such a delightfully droll way of looking at things, never taking anything too horribly seriously. I think if Eddie had cared to take dramatic plays seriously, he might have been a great dramatic actor. But somehow everything was always a sort of joke to him. Even though the matinee girls were crazy about him, he used to be kidding his love scenes all the time. Horton would just describe himself as a hard worker, I guess. He has thoughtful, green-brown eyes, a great deal of poise and much reserve.

Yet friendliness always breaks through in a few minutes, and then you are at home with him.

There is a good deal of good humored satire in his view of things, but so much humanity, too, that it takes the sting away. He stabs at hypocrisies, but not at hypocrites. He seems to recognize good-humoredly that anybody may turn into a hypocrite any moment, himself included. And he has too much humor ever to be upstage with anybody. He laughs more readily at himself than at anybody else.

FOR a new type of humor is being born on the screen. Neither its father nor its mother is the slapstick. It is a droll, satirical humor, and it takes an artist, a trained actor, with subtle powers of projection, to put it over. This type of humor is put over without obvious acting, by the facial expression, an occasional gesture, but more than anything by thought concentration, droll mood, conveying the ideas to the audiences. Audiences, it would seem, are quite ready for this.

"I find you must be yourself in the films more even than on the stage," explained Eddie. Then he smiled that little droll smile of his.

"I gave up being a Valentino almost at once—thought I would try for a Norman Kerry, maybe. So I raised a little mustache. But it's no use. My face was funnier than ever. I've got to be myself.

"Ruggles looked as I felt when I played that part! I don't really know what it's all about yet.

"Picture playing is hypnotizing. You want to come back. It's like coming back to the scene of your crime—if you have a crime.

"My greatest difficulty was finding the camera lines. The director's greatest difficulty is finding lines for me to speak. I have to have these or I can't do anything. When I was playing 'Ruggles,' I used to come early to the studio. I'd find the property boy sweeping up, and I asked him why he was there so early. 'Oh,' he said, 'I'm sweeping up a lot of lines you dropped yesterday!'

"I FEEL as if I were in the dental chair, when they begin grinding for a close-up. And when I saw my first close-up on the screen—I looked like something in the morgue!

"I was rather nervous playing 'Ruggles.' If I hadn't been, I should have played him a little broader—made the contrast between the scared, brow-beaten valet and the man who finally finds himself as keeper of a successful restaurant a little greater.

"My first dramatic work was in a students' play done by the Columbia University Drama Club. My family had intended me to be a teacher; I wasn't crazy about the idea, but had accepted my fate without demur until I got that taste of the stage. Then I knew for certain what I wanted to do. I must be an actor! The play

(_Continued on page 27_)

Edward Horton, clever young film comedian, who plays _Ruggles_, the butler, in "_Ruggles of Red Gap_."

Ernest Torrence and _Edward Horton_ in a scene from "_Ruggles of Red Gap_."

Where Fan Meets Fan

What Screen Star Would You Like to Marry?

If you were allowed to choose a mate from all the host of movie stars, which one would you select—and why? For the best letter on this subject we will award a weekly prize of $5.00. Address your letters to FAN CONTEST DEPARTMENT, Movie Weekly, 1926 Broadway, New York City.

This Week's $5.00 Prize Letter

Fancy all the movie heroes in a row, waiting for ME to pick a husband. Just a dream, girlie, just a dream. But a wild and wonderful dream indeed!

But if Fate had picked me out for such luck, I should waste very little time dawdling about my choice. With not one glance for Valentino (though I LIKE him; he's just a nice, dreamy kid with a touch of genius); with not one sigh for Douglas (he's too jumpy; I could never find him when wanted); and not one single little regret for De Roche or Novarro or Novello, or even the handsome Moreno (they're all too apt to have "moods" and moods are hard to live with); I'd walk straight over to Thomas Meighan and say distinctly, "YOU'RE IT."

Why? No, he isn't so handsome as some of the others—not if your fancy runs to Greek profiles and marcel waves—but he has a twinkle in his eye that makes up for any beauty he may lack. He has a good, broad forehead and a well-shaped head that shows he has brains. A wife wouldn't have to explain but ONCE how she wants the back steps fixed. If he didn't do what she wanted, it would be because he didn't INTEND to, not because he was stupid Nothing rings the knell of love for a man so soon as stupidity. There's a jolly little quirk to his mouth. But there's a good, solid jaw below. That indicates a balance between nonsense and common sense. His brows have a pixy-ish slant that tell me the Pipes of Pan still play, for all he's getting on to the disillusioned years. I'll wager he still believes in the Leprechaun and puts a four leaf clover in his shoe. He's handsome enough to put a "kick" in Romance, and what a lover he makes! But for all that he's the sort of man that looks after the bread and butter—plenty of butter, too. And his wife would always eat FIRST if the food was a little scarce.

Maybe if I were sixteen again I'd fall harder for the "dark and dreamy" boys. But I'm not. I'm—well, I'm old ENOUGH and I've been married a long time, and I'm the mother of two boys and I know what wears well in marriage. If you pick slimpsy goods, it won't keep the cold off your shoulders long. Only good, pure wool LASTS. And there's a lot of the genuine, yard-wide variety in Thomas Meighan. That's why I'd take him.

MARA SNERRIOV.

◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆

Ramon Novarro Her Ideal

How often have we girls of this age thought we would like to marry an actor! We see a new favorite—he at once becomes our ideal; we build our dream castles around him, only to have them shattered and then built around a new favorite.

But for some time now, Ramon Novarro has been a favorite. So many say he can never take Valentino's place. We do not really want him to, do we? No! We want him in his own place—a perfect screen actor and the most desired screen lover of the time. To my mind, he has passed Valentino in that "part of the game."

Now you say, "Why?"

Why would I want to marry Novarro, were I to marry a screen actor? Or, better yet, why is Ramon Novarro the ideal, for every girl? Because, first, he is handsome; second (this is purely on my own account) because he likes and understands music; third, he has such attractive qualities—good disposition, the ability to make friends and a pleasant manner; fourth, he desires a girl who is not alone "a clinging vine" type, but also a type with brains.

But why go on? Why not admit we like him because he is simply Ramon Novarro. What more could we say?

MONNA ALLISON.

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She Could Love and Trust Richard Dix

If I could choose from the men stars, I would say Richard Dix. Richard Dix is my ideal. One thing I like about him, he looks real—his own real self.

This is our prize letter writer's idea of the process of choosing an actor husband

In "The Christian," in his part of John Storm, he looked as if he lived the part in his kindness to an unfortunate girl. I couldn't imagine him unkind to anyone.

Rudolph Valentino may be the world's hero, but Richard Dix for me. I would fear Rudy, while I could love and trust Richard Dix.

There is something about him that makes me love him, probably his magnetic personality. He looks to be strong, kind, generous, noble and sincere. If I could meet him personally, one of my greatest wishes would be fulfilled.

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Page Mr. Gaston Glass

Every girl has an ideal man, whom she some day hopes to meet. Mine is Gaston Glass. Why? I have never met Mr. Glass personally, but I have summed him up thus:

He is boyish and fun loving. He is fond of pleasure. He would be a true friend, a real pal and a wonderful husband. He would be a good father to his children.

He has a pleasing personality, therefore many friends. He is inclined to be morose at times, but all he needs is a little sympathy and the sun will shine again.

Of a wife he would demand love, honor and trust, and he is broad-minded enough to give her the self-same qualities in return.

What more could any woman ask?

ADELE MARSTONE.

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Corinne Griffith Would Be a Wife To Be Proud Of

If such a thing were possible, I would select Miss Corinne Griffith as the type of girl I would like to marry.

As an actress, she ranks among the foremost; she has an air of culture, as well as possessing a graceful figure, that marks her as one of the most beautiful girls upon the screen.

I am sure that whoever married Miss Griffith would have a wife that he would be exceedingly proud of.

J. T. MARTIN.

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Bill Hart Is a Man Worth While

Were I to choose a mate and were I a man, Lillian Gish would be my choice, being the embodiment of all that is womanly—of a beauty more than skin deep, a beauty emanating from a beautiful heart, one whose life and work is continually raising Filmdom to a higher standard. After seeing her in the "White Sister," I would go at TNT speed to make her mine, were I a man.

But, being a woman, who else but Bill Hart—he who went down through the depths and suffered, to spare the woman, and who now, vindicated, comes forth to prove that a man worth while is the man who can smile—and *come back?*

A. M. WHITTIER.

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Will Rogers for This Fan

It won't take me a minute to decide which screen star I'd choose for a husband, and I think I have seen every person who has appeared three times or more on the screen.

Will Rogers is my unequivocal choice. What is a handsome face, a perfect figure, or immaculate clothes, when compared with a happy disposition and a blessed sense of humor, to live with for the rest of your life? I'd never know the pangs of jealousy, for when lovely leading ladies kissed him, I'd know the director made them do it.

A man with his wit and versatility will never be out of a job, and a money-making one, too—and he'll never have the temptations to spend it that many others have. If I didn't have a perfectly good husband of my own, I'd take Will Rogers—if I could get him!

L. D. JONES.

WHISPERS FROM THE STUDIOS

by The FILM FLAPPER

Wedding Bells for Billie Dove

Count that day lost whose low descending sun sees no beautiful Hollywood maiden wooed and won. Well, it doesn't exactly scan, does it, but you know what I mean.

The latest fair actress to wed is Billie Dove, who was married on October 27th to Irvin Willat, down at Santa Monica, a suburb of Los Angeles. Willat is a director.

The pair have known each other for a year, since which time they have been seen much together at theatres and cafes. However, it was supposed that Miss Dove's heart had been left in New York, so nobody took their going together very seriously.

Mr. and Mrs. Willat are to wait about three weeks before going on their honeymoon, as the director is working on a picture at present. They will go to New York, according to present plans. If possible, the trip will be extended to Europe, but, as Willat is very busy, this isn't likely to happen on the present journey.

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Quite Enough From Priscilla!

Priscilla Dean got out her winter neck fur, the other day. The summer had done it no good. It looked a bit mangy and forlorn.

"What are you going to do with it?" asked her husband, Wheeler Oakman.

"Oh, have monkey glands put in it, I guess," responded Priscilla.

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A Director Turns Fireman

When those awful California brush fires come along, which sweep hundreds of acres within a few hours, threatening homes and cattle, why just everybody, high and low, has to get in and fight, that's all.

George D. Baker, plump and dignified director for Metro, was the latest important personage to be drafted as a fire fighter.

It was while Baker, his cameraman and some cowboys were up on the Lasky ranch, in San Fernando Valley, about fifty miles from Hollywood, one day last week, that a fire brcke out on the seventy-five acre ranch. It spread so rapidly that every man, woman and child within five miles was rushed into service. Baker and his men responded to the call, and the fire was put out within an hour.

"Say, Mr. Baker ought to have been a fire chief!" said one of the cowboys in talking about the way the director directed his fire-fighting forces.

And so, it seems, a director is a director, no matter whether he is directing a picture or merely has charge of a fire brigade.

"A word to the wise," says *Aileen Pringle.*

Laura La Plante Among the Stars

Laura La Plante is one of the newest stars. Universal has signed her on a long-term contract, due to her excellent work with that organization. Her first picture will be called "The Thrill Girl."

She is to take the place, temporarily, of Gladys Walton, who has given up her career—for a time—for that brand new husband of hers.

Adios to Ramon

Ramon Novarro is to be lost to Hollywood for a time. He is going to Europe within three weeks, where he will join Rex Ingram and play the lead in "The Arab," to be made in Egypt.

The star will also visit his two sisters in the Canary Islands. These two are nuns, and they live in a convent in a small town. One of these sisters is a year younger than Ramon, one a year older, and both are beautiful. He has another sister who is also a nun, living in Mexico City. She was a belle in her native town, beautiful and accomplished, but all of a sudden, says her brother, she decided to go into a convent.

"I myself intended when very young to be a priest; but I gave up the idea when I found out it would interfere with my joining a circus!" said Novarro.

Novarro will visit London, Paris, and Seville in Spain, as well as Egypt and the Canaries.

It is quite possible that he may play in another picture for Ingram before returning home, though he is not to appear in "The World's Illusion," which is to be made in Germany. The story being considered for him is a Spanish story by Ibanez, entitled "The Queen Calafia." A story by Benavente is also under consideration.

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Ardent Lovers, Take Heed!

Speaking of Novarro, and just to show you how earnest a director will become sometimes: Fred Niblo was directing Barbara La Marr and Novarro in a scene of "Thy Name Is Woman"—a difficult love scene, in which the young actor does some high power embracing.

"Make it strong, make it strong!" commanded Niblo.

"But I'm afraid I'll break one of Miss La Marr's ribs!" expostulated the gallant Spaniard.

"That's all right," shouted Niblo excitedly, "she's got plenty more!"

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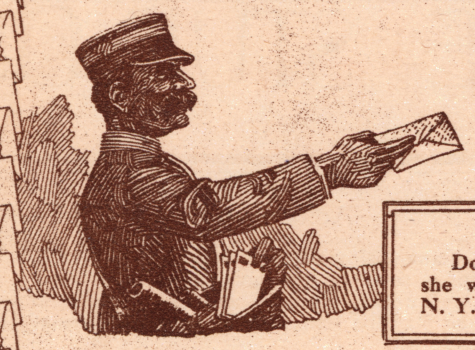
Watch for Theda's Return

Theda Bara is to return to the screen under no less clever a director than Tod Browning.



Fan Wants Contest for "Girls Who Can Act Funny"

ARE YOU A MOVIE FAN?

Do you wonder if your favorite screen star is married? Where she was born? Ask the COLONEL, Movie Weekly, 1926 Broadway, N. Y. C. A stamped, addressed envelope will bring a personal reply.

COMEDIAN—If there were a contest for girls who can act funny, there'd be no limit to the entrants. Lots of them act funny without knowing it. Gail Henry is going in for drama, I am told.

TOOTSIE AND WOOTSIE—It's a good thing many of my correspondents don't sign such saccharine names or my page would drip with sugar. Robert Agnew and Maurice Flynn can both be reached at the Lasky Studio, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood. Write Herbert Rawlinson at the Los Angeles Athletic Club. Lois Wilson and Richard Dix are not engaged.

BARNEY GOOGLE—Well, I did print your answer as soon as possible, but it wasn't very soon, was it? You should see the stack of letters I have waiting for answers in the magazine. George Hackathorne can be reached at Universal City, Cal.

BROOKE—You picked out a good name for yourself. I thought you were going on forever asking for addresses. Write Betty Compson and Conway Tearle at the Lasky Studio, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood. Bert Lytell is playing in vaudeville. Write him, care Keith Circuit, Palace Theatre, New York. Kenneth Harlan's address is Preferred Pictures, 3800 Mission Road, Los Angeles. Anna Q. Nilsson is the wife of John Gunnerson, a shoe magnate.

BABS—Do I play the piano? You bet; I play anything. When there's any playing to be done, you can always count me in on it. No, Reginald Denny hasn't any children. Barbara Bedford is Mrs. Albert Roscoe. Richard Dix is now working on "The Call of the Canyon." So you think he and Helene Chadwick would make an ideal couple? Why don't you write and tell them that; see what a little matchmaker you could be? Helene is divorced from Billy Wellman.

KING TUT—My page has been turning Egyptian lately. Miriam Battista was born in New York in 1914. She grows so fast I can't keep track of her height. She lives at 32 W. 45th St., New York City.

A HEAP BIG FAN—How big? Nothing less than two hundred pounds will seem big to me—I saw an elephant once. Yes, Bebe Daniels used to play in comedies with Harold Lloyd. Gloria Swanson has been married twice.

LONESOME MAMMA—I think you've let some of these popular songs go to your head. Viola Dana is twenty-five, is five feet three and weighs 105. Write her at the Metro Studio, 900 Cahuenga St., Hollywood. Ethel Clayton is thirty, five feet five inches tall and weighs 130 Ralph Graves is a widower. His address is the Los Angeles Athletic Club.

HI-FIVE—Hi, yourself. Bebe Daniels is eighteen. Her latest picture is "His Children's Children." Bebe edited the issue of Movie Weekly for June 2, 1923, and it is just full of pictures of her.

GYP—Are you any relation to the dog I used to have named that? Julanne Johnston was born in Indianapolis. If she has a husband I don't know about him. Jetta Goudal was born in France; she has never been married — her sweetheart was killed in the war.

This must be *Robinson Crusoe's Man Friday* cooking his fish. *Sydney Chaplin* in *"The Rendezvous."*

LOUISE C.—Sorry you had to wait so long for your answer. I can't help it that I am so besieged with letters. I think it's those whiskers of mine that make me so irresistible (try and laugh that off!) Ramon Novarro's pictures are sent out from the Metro Studio, 900 Cahuenga St., Hollywood. Thomas Meighan's face analysis was published in Movie Weekly for June 9, 1923. Why don't you send for a copy?

U. R. CRAZY—Well, of course, if you're going to call me names like that, you can't expect me to give you intelligent answers. How old do I think you are? How should I know? If I told you your letter sounded as if you were about ten, you'd be insulted. Rudolph Valentino, it is rumored, will make a picture abroad in January. Doug is forty years old. Doug, Jr.'s first picture is "Stephen Steps Out." Marion Davies is now working on "Yolanda." She is about twenty-five.

PALE STAR—You're just crazy about Thomas Meighan, are you? "Is that what's the matter with you?" he returned laughingly. Lila Lee has been playing opposite him in his latest pictures. I suppose you saw his picture in the center of Movie Weekly for Sept. 8, 1923. Pete Morrison doesn't give his age. Thomas Meighan played Tom in "The Miracle Man." For a list of his 1921 pictures, send a stamped envelope; I haven't space for such a list on this page.

VIRGINIA—I've heard a lot about Virginia—where all the hams are. Barbara La Marr's address is Metro Studio, 900 Cahuenga St., Hollywood. Write Richard Barthelmess, Inspiration Pictures, 565 Fifth Ave., New York; Conrad Nagel, Goldwyn, Culver City, Cal., Lionel Barrymore, Cosmopolitan, 127th St. and 2nd Ave., New York.

M. W. Y.—So you have been patiently reading my answers? Is reading them so bad it requires patience? Lillian Gish is now abroad, but she can always be reached at Inspiration Pictures, 565 Fifth Ave., New York. George O'Hara, Powers Studio, 780 Gower St., Hollywood. J. Warren Kerrigan lives at 1743 Cahuenga St., Hollywood. Write Blanche Sweet at the Goldwyn Studio, Culver City, Cal. Jack Hoxie lives at 1325 N. Hobart Blvd., Hollywood.

MOVIE CRAZY—What a lot of things get blamed on the movies. Monte Blue's picture appeared in Movie Weekly for Dec. 1, 1923. George Hackathorne is not married. He lives at 667 S. Carondelet, Los Angeles.

TENDER TOES—I hope, then, that you don't have to ride home every night in the subway rush hour. Lowell Sherman has not been in movies for several years. He is playing at the Empire Theatre, 40th St., New York, in "Casanova." Write him there for his picture.

PRETTY—Isn't it pleasant to like your looks so much? Ramon Novarro's address is Metro Studio, 900 Cahuenga St., Hollywood. He couldn't possibly attempt to take care of his own fan mail. His latest picture is "Scaramouche."

CHAPPY—That's the way my hands get in the winter time. Write Conway Tearle, Dorothy Dalton and Lila Lee at the Lasky Studio, 1520 Vine Street, Hollywood. Bryant Washburn lives at 7003 Hawthorne Ave., Hollywood, and Colleen Moore at 7119 South Grand View, Los Angeles. Lloyd Hughes, Ince Studio, Culver City, Cal.

N. E. H.—It would take nothing less than a screen directory to give you all the addresses you want. Tom Mix lives at 5841 Carlton Way, Hollywood, and Lewis Stone at 212 S. Wilton Place, Los Angeles. No, Ramon Novarro is not married. Alice Terry, Metro Studio, 900 Cahuenga St., Hollywood.

GLADYS DAUGHERTY—So you doubt if I can read your letter? It would save me a lot of work if I just said no, I couldn't, and so didn't answer your questions. But I'm not that kind of a Colonel. Richard Dix is not married. He is twenty-nine and has brown hair and eyes. Write him for his picture at the Lasky Studio, 1520 Vine St., Hollywood. Charles Jones lives at 1954 Crasena Drive, Los Angeles. He has brown hair and gray eyes. He is married.

Sincerely Yours
The Colonel

Shake Hands with Ruggles—of Red Gap

(Continued from page 23)

was 'In Newport,' by Kenneth and Roy Webb. It ran a week at the Waldorf-Astoria. It was Luther Reed, the writer, who encouraged me to think I might really be an actor some day. I went on the stage with Louis Mann in New York for three years. Afterward I played stock in many places. Stock training is fine for an actor providing he doesn't take it too seriously. Any actor should leave himself open to suggestion, inspiration and criticism.

"I played all kinds of roles during my stock days. But when I played the Robert Hilliard part in 'A Fool There Was,' a dramatic, hysterical part, that's when I realized I must be a comedian. The audience made me realize it."

"Weren't you good in it?" I asked.

"I was good and rotten!" Eddie smiled his slow, droll smile.

The Girl Who Grew Too Big for England

(Continued from page 7)

she plays first of all. If I could play with Mr. Griffith, I would be content to have less money. It would be so infinitely well worth it. Besides, we screen players in England are not accustomed to the exorbitant salaries the American stars get."

We began to collect our gloves, purse, umbrella, overshoes and other insignia of impending departure, but before we went we sprung the stock question we always spring on visitors from overseas, and to which we always get the same answer, to wit, "How do you like the American men?" And the answer is, even as answered by Miss LeBreton, "I understand they make wonderful husbands!" We have been given that same answer by experts . . . Irene Bordoni . . . Pola Negri . . . Nazimova . . . Delysia . . . and now young Flora LeBreton. What is more, they generally suit the word to action by trying out one of our American men in this role, for which they are supposed to be best suited. Nazimova did, Pola *nearly* did, Irene Bordoni did . . . and Miss LeBreton, as we said, has only been here for three days . . . Gentlemen, be seated . . .

At any rate, fellow fans, you now know that Flora is with us . . . very vivacious and sparkling . . . splendidly ambitious and confident . . . young and possibly star-stuff.

Let's give her the glad hand!

If You Want Beauty—

(Continued from page 13)

you get a look into the eyes of a strange and interesting face. You weave a story about the person. You see amusing little incidents—things you would never notice if you were holding yourself aloof in a machine.

"Every actress should be a walker! Some of our most famous ones have been great pedestrians, you know. Lillian Russell used to drive into the country every morning and then get out and walk a mile. I remember meeting her once when I was a very little child. How I worshipped her then!

"If you have problems, troubles, the fresh air seems to blow them all away. You forgive your enemies—or, better still, decide that the people you took for enemies were really human beings like yourself, with perhaps a side of their own to the case that had divided you from them.

"When it is impracticable to walk, I love to throw myself flat on the ground and relax, and take long, deep breaths. From such an action I receive a feeling that is impossible for me to explain, save that I can, in a few minutes, get as much rest from this manner of total relaxation as I can in several hours of sleep in the house. Perhaps it is the consciousness of this form of rest that produces so marvelous an effect. If I cannot lie flat on the ground, I try the floor or the bed, chaise-longue or whatever happens to be at hand and is suitable.

"We weren't meant to be tired, but to be up and doing. The joy of living should carry us on. And we should live in the natural instead of an artificial way. Enjoy the natural beauties of the world of which you are a part. Take pleasure in the winds and rains. Enjoy yourself beneath the sun and moon. Love the flowers and the trees. Get a genuine thrill out of the open road or the bounding wave. Love everything and everybody. Then you'll have energy a-plenty.

"These are the things that I do and that I love. If they give me something that everyone is asking me about—my energy—I hope they may be of use to others."

We said good night. I was glowing from my walk.

After all, there might be something in what Miss Murray said.

I'm Tired of 'Glorifying' the American Girl

(Continued from page 18)

And as he sees one beauty after another whirled away from the Follies' stage door, Mr. Ziegfeld has become chagrined and more chagrined. In fact, if he were the villain in our story, he would cry "Curse!" But he isn't; he's the hero, so he is doing what any other hero would do—what any of us would do, in fact.

He is signing all his new chorus girls to run-of-the-play contracts, which means, of course, that the girls must stay with an edition of the Follies until that edition runs out. And—this is where the movie part comes in—Mr. Ziegfeld, in his new contracts, is having it expressly stated that none of his Follies' girls is permitted to do picture work without his special dispensation.

Hereafter, says Mr. Ziegfeld emphatically, if these movie producers want glorified girls for their pictures, they can do the glorifying themselves. It's all taken care of right in the new Follies' contract, a contract quite ironclad—which, as everyone knows, is more than you can say for the Follies' girls themselves.

Are You Reaching for the Truth?

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Were you born under a lucky star? I will tell you free, the most interesting astrological interpretation of the Zodiac Sign you were born under.

Simply send me the exact date of your birth in your own handwriting. To cover cost of this notice and postage, **enclose twelve cents** in any form and your exact name and address. Your astrological interpretation will be written in plain language and sent to you securely sealed and postpaid. A great surprise awaits you!

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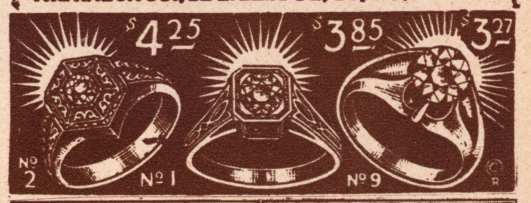

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The Girl Who Was Never Safe

(*Continued from page 21*)

shall be free. This is business with me. Take my advice, and make the most of a liberal gentleman. Take him now while he is in a good-natured mood, and you will never be sorry for it. You can't get away from here, and strong and brave as he says you are, you must give in in the end. We can starve you or stifle you into submission when our patience is exhausted. We are prepared for everything."

GRACE shuddered as she listened to the cold-blooded infamy of the woman, who seemed not even to comprehend that there could be anything in life beyond the acquisition of material things of the world. She could not argue with the woman, so complete was her consciousness that she could not reach her understanding.

So she turned away and sat down, as if she had said her last word. The woman lingered at the little opening only long enough to say that she would be back for the tray within an hour, then closed it, and Grace was left alone again.

When the woman returned again, after the expiration of an hour, and found the tray untouched, and just where she had put it, she took it out of the room, and then opened the upper slide in the door and cried indignantly, as if her pride had been touched:

"What's the matter? Doesn't my cooking suit you?"

"I didn't taste it," Grace answered.

"Oh!" exclaimed the woman, in sudden comprehension, "you are afraid of being drugged! Why didn't you tell me so? You needn't be afraid of that yet. Perhaps that will happen if you don't behave yourself, but we won't do it yet. One thing I can tell you, though, and that is, that when we do make up our minds to stop coaxing you, we won't give you any chance to decide what shall happen. We'll act, and quickly. Take my advice and eat the next meal that is brought you, and that won't be until tomorrow morning, for I don't cook two meals for the prettiest girl that ever lived; and don't you forget it."

Grace said nothing, and the woman shut the slide with an angry bang, and went away. Grace went on thinking. Slowly there had been evolving in her brain a suggestion of a way of escape, but as yet it seemed nothing more than a suggestion.

It had come from the fact that the boards had creaked under her feet. She had begun by thinking of how much care must have been taken in preparing this trap for her; of how they had chosen this house, far away from all others, and how they had fortified it as if against the assaults of a regiment of soldiers; all excepting the floor, which still betrayed the age of the building.

If the floor were old, if the boards were loose under the carpet, what was under her? Was there an occupied room?

She dared not move to investigate, lest by doing so she should put her captors on their guard; so she was obliged to sit there and think and wait, or to pace the creaking floor, while her imagination worked and built up plans of escape.

THE time went with tedious slowness, but finally, when her little watch told her that it was nine o'clock, she felt that she dared pretend that she was going to sleep. She made no pretence of undressing, but put out her light and threw herself on the bed, her eyes wide open, every sense on the alert.

For quite half an hour she lay there, undisturbed by any sound. Indeed, the silence was horribly oppressive. Finally, she rose softly from the bed and lay on the floor, her ear to the carpet, to learn if she could hear anything from below to help her to a definite conclusion.

Not a sound came to her, however, and she reached out to the edge of the carpet and pulled at it to tear up the tacks by which it was fastened down. They came easily, for the carpet had evidently been newly laid. Grace pulled up a stretch of two or three yards; enough, in fact, to enable her to reach and turn the corner of the room.

She worked with the utmost care, stopping every now and again to listen for any sound at the door, and dreading any moment to have the light in the ceiling turned on.

Nothing occurred to interrupt her, however, and she was enabled to lay back the carpet in the corner of the room in such a fashion as to permit of any examination of the floor with her hands. She would have given a good deal to be able to study it with the light on, but did not dare take the risk.

She discovered that the boards were of the old-fashioned, wide sort, and had warped so in the course of time that she was able to put her fingers between them in many places. She also discovered that there was but one floor, instead of the double flooring which is common in well-built houses of the present day.

She put her ear to one of the wide cracks, but still could hear nothing from the room underneath. This indicated plainly enough that either the ceiling below had been deadened, or that her enemies had failed to think of the floor as a possible point of attack or escape.

It seemed most likely to her that the floor had been neglected by them. Certainly she hoped with all her heart and soul that such was the case, but she dared do nothing further at the time to determine how far the facts supported her hopes.

She threw the carpet back into place and crept up on the bed again, and there waited for a weary two hours, before venturing to investigate again. She had so much at stake that she could not afford to be careless of any precaution.

But when two hours had gone by, she stole from the bed, pulled away the carpet, and then went over to the button in the wall and turned the light on. She had reasoned it out that by that time she would be safe in doing so.

The floor, where it was exposed, showed itself just as she had imagined it to be, and especially she saw that there were two short lengths, which, if removed, would enable her to reach the ceiling below.

Her own sinewy fingers sufficed to enable her to first start one of the boards, and then, by exerting her whole strength and throwing her weight into the effort, to tear the board away. To remove the other board was then easy enough.

Her heart stood still as the ripping sound broke the deadly stillness, but in this, at least, she thought the precautions taken to deaden any sound she might make served her instead of her captors. She went on hopefully.

OVER and over again, as she worked, she thanked the kind fortune that had given her the life she had had at home. She wondered what would have happened to one less robust than she was, so situated.

When the boards had been removed, she could see the lath and plaster that formed the ceiling underneath, and to test its thickness, she took one of her hatpins and carefully thrust it through the plaster.

To her relief, the pin penetrated easily. She could not guess what might lie below to interfere with her escape, but, at least, she was doing something, and action seemed almost like progress.

She now put out her light and returned to open a hole in the ceiling by gradually thrusting the hatpin through in a number of places so close together that at last she could merge them all into one hole. She worked with the utmost care and caution, fearing to be discovered should the room be occupied, but in the end it turned out that the room below was quite dark, and sent up the musty smell of a room that has not been occupied in many months.

If Grace had had the time, she would have devised some means of finishing her work as quietly and stealthily as she had begun it, but, assured by the darkness and the musty odor, she determined to prepare everything for letting herself down, and then to make a sudden break in the ceiling and rush her escape, trusting to her agility and her preparedness for a conflict to enable her to carry out her plan.

She first made a bundle of as many things as she could carry, and then relocked her trunk, promising herself that if she made good her escape, she would return for what she was obliged to leave. She next tore one of her sheets into three strips and tied them together, fastening one end securely to her bedstead.

Having reached this point, she stood over the hole in the floor with beating heart. Did freedom lie before her or not?

(*Continued next week*)

Will Your Favorite Star Accept Lower Wages?

(Continued from page 9)

useless delays and waste of time as the most expensive element in making pictures.

"The stars," said Rapf, "are so independent nowadays that if you don't pay them what they want, you don't get their services. They can afford to retire, or go into the real estate business. As long as the exhibitor buys pictures that prove to be great box-office attractions on account of a star's name, you can rest assured that the star's high salary is in no danger of being sliced. It is the names of the players that sell the pictures, because, in the final analysis, the public wants its favorites!"

AND now we come to the big point at issue, because we can do so clearly and accurately after the above presentation of opinions, which come very near being official in so far as knowledge of movie conditions is concerned. Your favorite star may not be in the least affected by the situation being discussed. But, unless your movie idol has been working under a long-term contract, such as Tom Meighan and Gloria Swanson enjoy, then you can rest assured that he, or she, faces the possibility of quitting the screen in the event the matter of salary is not satisfactorily adjusted.

The list printed under this paragraph contains the names and the approximate weekly salaries of the most popular stars of the silver screen. If you find your favorite's name in this famous galaxy of celluloid celebrities, you will know that there is a chance that he, or she, may quit the screen if an attempt is made to cut salaries.

Norma Talmadge	$10,000
Dorothy Dalton	7,500
Gloria Swanson	6,500
Larry Semon	5,000
Constance Talmadge	5,000
Lillian Gish	5,000
Tom Mix	4,000
Betty Compson	3,500
Barbara La Marr	3,000
May McAvoy	3,000
Mabel Normand	3,000
Priscilla Dean	3,000
Conway Tearle	2,700
Lewis Stone	2,500
Milton Sills	2,500
James Kirkwood	2,500
Wallace Beery	2,500
House Peters	2,500
Elaine Hammerstein	2,500
Richard Barthelmess	2,500
Betty Blythe	2,500
Florence Vidor	2,000
Viola Dana	2,000
Lon Chaney	1,700
J. Warren Kerrigan	1,500
Jack Holt	1,500
Anna Nilsson	1,500
Noah Beery	1,500
Lila Lee	1,500

Anyone of the above-named screen players has been paid in the past on a basis of his box-office attraction. In simple language, their pictures have, in most cases, warranted the payment of their salary demands. If Famous Players-Lasky, Universal, or any other company, has reached the viewpoint that these high figures are not justified, and will no longer be paid, the question of individual negotiation must come up between the actor and the company. At the same time, I trust that no screen favorites will feel it necessary to leave the world of silver make-believe because of their inability to negotiate satisfactory salary arrangements with any of the producers who are in a mood to cut the wages of the stars.

Take Lon Chaney, for example. Suppose he refused to work for a salary less than the one he is now reputed to receive? Where under the sun could another Chaney be found? Any fan who saw him in "The Hunchback of Notre Dame," or any of his previous screen work, must realize how impossible it would be to secure an actor to handle his kind of roles. And then, to mention Wallace Beery again! What if he threw up his hands at the suggestion of salary decrease? Producers and directors would have to turn on a mighty powerful searchlight to find a man who could put on Berry's villainous, and also kingly interpretations.

Knowing your own particular movie favorites by their work, it should not be difficult now to decide in your own mind whether or not they will be forced to fall in line with the general scheme to cut down production expenses by accepting smaller wages.

Play Reviews

(Continued from page 15)

puts over a stunt that brings the poor old prof and his history into the limelight and gets him his job back.

Douglas, Jr., does not display any of the athletic prowess of his dad. In fact, he is just a little awkward and shy in this, his first picture. But that makes him all the more likable. Harry Myers and Theodore Roberts are both splendid in the supporting roles.

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"FLAMING YOUTH"

A Story of Young America

Presented at the Strand Theatre, New York, by First National Pictures, with a cast headed by Colleen Moore, Myrtle Stedman, Milton Sills, Elliott Dexter and Ben Lyon.

"Flaming Youth" starts with originality and then winds up in the most obvious, stereotyped movie fashion. The first few reels were delightful; full to the brim with pep, interest and a number of clever comedy scenes. Then suddenly it flopped miserably and the comments of the audience changed from "Good stuff" to "Same old stuff." We were really sorry, because the first half of it is so thoroughly enjoyable. It looks as though the author, after doing some good work, lost his inspiration and fell back on the old stock-in-trade situations in order to finish the thing up. However, the good part of the picture is good enough to serve as ample recompense for the poor finish. And just so long as the law of compensation works in the movies, the picture public will not find much to kick about.

"Flaming Youth" is a vivid tale of the effect the modern mode of living has on the younger generation. This also includes a young and frivolous mother who lived and loved until her dying day. She realizes that she has not done her duty toward her two elder daughters and resolves to properly care for the youngest and most attractive of the trio. She is stricken and dies of heart failure right in the midst of one of her jazziest parties. The young daughter seems headed for the wild and jazzy path. She has a few thrilling adventures, but is saved by the love of a man who had been one of her mother's captives.

Colleen Moore gives the most delightful, convincing and finest performances we have seen in quite some time. She is a glorious little flapper, capable of genuinely portraying emotion. Myrtle Stedman is splendidly cast as the frivolous mother and Milton Sills and Elliott Dexter both are good.

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How It Feels to Be An Extra

By Nanette Louise Kutner

EVERY flapper dreams about the movies! Every flapper longs to be a star! But how many realize their ambition? How many attain the exalted heights of stardom? I, like the rest, thought moving picture acting was a grand spree. I thought it meant dancing around in a beautiful costume, and being waited upon by handsome men. If I was given the right chance I was sure I would succeed. So I decided to try my luck.

I went from agency to agency, but, strange to say, none "discovered" me to be the future Mary Pickford. After three weeks of endless waiting, I got a job! I was thrilled! thrilled! thrilled! I couldn't eat! I couldn't sleep! I was almost too excited to live! I was directed to go to a studio in the Bronx the next day. The following morning I got up bright and early, and soon was crowded in the subway. The whole time I was planning what I intended to do and say. I wanted everyone in the train to know I was in the movies. I got off at an awful street, and could not see anything that looked like a studio. At last I hailed a passing letter carrier and he showed me the building. But—when I arrived there, the man at the door told me that the work was postponed until the next day. He said the entire company were re-taking some scenes at the armory. I then went to three big studios trying to locate them, and by the time I did I had made two big discoveries. The first was that every other man in the movies is an assistant director. The second was that the only talent one needs to succeed on the screen is the ability to wait! If one's patience holds out, and one waits long enough, why it's easy to become a star.

My waiting was rewarded this time because they sent me to the wardrobe lady. She was an ex-extra who gave up being an extra to become mistress of the wardrobe. I don't blame her, at least she does not have to wait any more. She furnished me with a peasant's costume, and then I had to wait until the make-up man showed me how to fix my face. I am a flapper, so naturally I use paint and powder. But if all the cosmetics I have used in a year were put together, I am sure it would not amount to one-half of the stuff that man put on my face. First he took some liquid that looked like water, but turned out to be vaseline. I had to rub my face, forehead, and chin with it until I felt like a greased pig. Then came cold cream, which was put on as thick as possible. This was followed by grease paint. It's just what it sounds like, a greasy paint. Enough powder was patted on top of this to make me look as if I had fallen into a flour barrel. Some stuff which appeared to be a combination of green grease and black smut was applied to my eyelids. He added a final touch by taking an instrument which looked like a toothpick and turned out to be an eyebrow pencil. With this object he proceeded to jab under my eyelashes. By that time I had given up all hope of retaining my eyesight. But, miracle of miracles, both my eyes remained whole! I was all finished then, except for a light daub of red on my lips.

All ready, and I felt brim full of life and "pep." As I had to wait two hours before I was called, most of the "pep" evaporated. Then I was called but—not on the set! In other words, I was summoned to lunch. Each extra was given her lunch in a bag, and believe me it was welcome.

At last, to my joy, we were called on the set! The lights, the lights, the lights, will I ever forget them? Have you looked square into the sun at noon? Well, all around were lights, and each one seemed to be stronger than the sun, so you can imagine my sensations. We waited there a half hour, and every minute I was getting more stage fright—no, I mean camera fright. Suddenly the director told me to stand in front of the rest, and to look excited and scared. I tried to register fear. I couldn't! All of a sudden I heard a noise! It was eight horses galloping towards us! Their riders were eight actors dressed as King's Guards. Horses to right of me! Horses to left of me! Horses in front of me! I did not have to try to look scared! I was positive I'd be stepped on, or have my ear chewed off! My feelings showed on my face, and the director yelled, "Great!" We went through that scene for the rest of the day. By six o'clock I was almost a nervous wreck. Each time I was sure the horses would trample me under foot, so I registered fear better than ever. The director told me to return the next day. I did not feel particularly elated at that, I was tired and had had enough.

When the picture was released, I took all my relatives and friends to see it. They sat through it five times, and I saw it ten. But none of us could catch a glimpse of me. I have decided to take a business course and become some man's stenographer. I guess there is more romance in that, than in the movies. You see, I did not find any handsome men in the studios, but I did read that nine out of every ten stenographers marry their bosses, so I think there is more of a future in a business career. Don't you?

CHIT CHAT

About the Stars

Dorothy Gish had her picture taken recently for her passport, just before she started abroad to play in "Romola." No, the photographer did not know it was Dorothy Gish, for the picture looks so unusual that Dorothy is thinking of sending it to the next movie beauty contest.

"It reminds me," said Dorothy, "of my passport picture when I went to Cuba last fall. I showed it to an officer on board the boat. He looked at it and remarked:

"'Immigrants this side of the boat, please.'"

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Charles "Buck" Jones came within three pounds of achieving one of his great ambitions! The ambition in question is to wear the button of the Tuna Club that can only be worn by members who land a tuna weighing more than one hundred pounds.

On a recent fishing trip to Catalina, he hooked a big tuna, which he landed after a long, stiff struggle. The tackle he used was within regulations and the fish was so enormous Buck was exultant. He felt sure that he had realized his ambition. And then the fish went on the scales. It weighed exactly ninety-seven pounds—three pounds short of the coveted button.

'Twas a cruel, cruel fate, thinks Buck. What he wants to know is, why couldn't the durned fish have taken a good long drink of salt water just before it was hooked?

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Ben Turpin took Mrs. Turpin and a hunting dog on a short hunting trip back in the mountains recently and some of his acquaintances are wondering whether it ought not be called to the attention of the game warden. Not that Ben did anything wrong—it's only that some persons felt that Ben's oogly eyes might put the game at an unfair disadvantage.

What a scare those poor fowl had in store for them! All their natural cunning would certainly be of no avail when the cross-eyed hunter started shooting over his shoulder, and around his neck, trying to hit in the direction he looked!

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May McAvoy, when buying a costume for "The Enchanted Cottage," in which she is playing opposite Richard Barthelmess, discovered, to her surprise, that it is harder to be out of style than in. She spent three whole days trying to find a waist of the vintage of 1919!

"My role called for a high collared blouse of black, with long sleeves and a few doo-dads here and there," said May.. "I first tried all the Fifth Ave. shops, but I couldn't find anything remotely resembling the waist I had in mind.

"Then I paraded up and down Seventh Ave., stopping in all the second hand shops. They all offered me 'something pretty and stylish.' At last, in an indescribably messy shop on Eighth Ave., I again explained my mission.

"'No, mum,' said the saleswoman, 'we ain't got nothing like that.'

"'What's that roll of silk under the counter?' I asked, investigating for myself.

"Oh, that's been hanging around here for ten years,' she said disdainfully.

"I looked at the rag—it *was* a rag, too—and almost whooped for joy. It was just what I wanted, ugly and un-stylish. I would have paid fifty dollars for it.

"'How much?' I asked.

"'Oh, anything . . . ninety-eight cents.'"

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Director Tom Forman at the Shulberg Studio is nearly cross-eyed from looking around so much for an African jungle. He's all ready to start work on "White Man," which is to have a good elephant hunting scene. Tom is all ready with the elephants, but he just can't find a good jungle to let them play in.

Mr. Forman was scouting around and several times he saw what he thought was a likely looking place, but just as he began to get jubilant about it, he'd take another look. And there would be a large sign advertising somebody's corn cure, or a moonshine still or something—and Tom is quite sure there is neither in the African jungle.

If you've a little jungle in your backyard, let Tom know so he can bring his elephants to visit you.

Twin Stars of the Black-and-Blue Drama, Pete Morrison and Margaret Morris

By Grace Kingsley

THE black-and-blue drama has two new stars! They are Pete Morrison and Margaret Morris. Universal has signed them up as co-stars in serials.

Romantic rumor has it that they may soon enter into another sort of contract together! At any rate, they admire each other very much.

"To see that big Pete Morrison bulldog a steer or ride a bucking broncho or slide easily from an airship onto the top of a moving train, gives me a thrill every time!" exclaimed Miss Morris, with her brown eyes sparkling. He makes me ashamed to be afraid to do things. I'm sure I could never do some of the dare-devil things I do if he weren't watching and encouraging me!"

I told Pete that Miss Morris said that. He smiled his white-toothed, easy, bright smile, glanced down a minute, and then exclaimed: "Say, that young lady doesn't need any inspiration! She's about the bravest girl I ever saw."

You see, Pete is one handsome hero that isn't going to need a double every time he decides to do a flip from an airplane to a boat while the sharks wait, or to move out of one airplane into another with the sky the limit for height and speed. He is his own double. He has been doing these stunts for other stars during the past six years.

"I've been doubling for stars for a long time now," said Pete, "and it hasn't hurt my health a bit. In fact, falling off buildings and doing run-and-jumps into moving automobiles just seems to freshen me up and do me good!

"'Course, I'm entitled to a double, but why should I have one? Don't want any. He would make me nervous. I'd be wanting all the time to tell him what to do.

"Yes—sh!—I've even doubled for women stars. Never would suspect it of me, would you?" he grinned, looking down at his six feet. He's about as effeminate as Tommy Meighan or George Siegman. "Long shots, you know," he went on, "where the audience couldn't tell how big I was. But I certainly don't care any for the feminine scenery, petticoats and such. I have a new respect for women athletes."

The rise of Pete Morrison is rather dramatic—plugging along as an extra since the days of Sydney Ayers—begging for a chance to act and never getting it until getting to Fred J. McConnell's ear. Sydney Ayers, by the way, came to California to head a stock company at the Liberty Theatre in Oakland, married a rich girl, and then came down to Hollywood to make pictures. He made several Westerns without spoiling his new manicure or unwaving his hair—thanks to his double, Pete Morrison.

When Ayres left, Morrison doubled for everybody, and many is the star who has swelled out his chest and told how he "did everything" himself—he "wouldn't have a double!" While Pete stood by listening, with his fingers crossed.

Pete Morrison was born at Morrison, Colorado. His father, a pioneer rancher, is owner of the land around the little settlement which was named for him—a vast cattle range. Here it was that young Morrison learned his daring tricks of riding and roping. He was sent to Denver to attend the Denver High School, and then resolved to become an actor. He went to Oakland, where he joined a stock company headed by the late Sydney Ayers and Ayers brought him down from Oakland with him to double in the riding tricks. Morrison then began his film career, hoping and hoping for a chance to act, but nobody would give it to him, though everybody now wonders at the fact. Ayers returned to the stage and later died. Morrison became famous as a double. He was so handy at all sorts of acrobatic stunts that nobody wanted him to act. He was too valuable where he was. Eight months ago, however, we went to Universal City to double for William Desmond. He kept right on pleading for a chance to act.

Finally he confided his ambition to Fred J. McConnell, head of the serial department, and McConnell decided the day of the pretty actor is over, and gave this he-man a chance. Morrison's acting ability surprised him. The double was at once cast for a number of western stories—"True Gold," "Lonesome Luck," "Under the Border," and others. McConnell decided that in Morrison was material for a new serial star—and his role in "The Ghost City" was the result.

Miss Morris's rise is also due to her discovery by McConnell, who is mighty good to the young people who come to him for a chance if he perceives any ability in them. She was born in Minneapolis, but as a small girl, moved to boston. She graduated from high school there, and attended Wellesley.

"It was at Wellesley that I found that the amateur dramatic affairs had more attraction for me than anything else the place offered, and soon I left to join a stock company. Later I had a chance to join a Shubert company, and on the close of my season in New York I decided to develop my dancing talents. I came to Hollywood to study dancing with Theodore Kosloff. Mother came with me, and we made a home here.

"I had an old stage friend on the Universal lot. She came to see me and asked me to visit Mr. McConnell."

McConnell, it seems, was struck by her beauty.

"Why don't you try a picture?" he asked.

"It might be fun-once," said Margaret, who had her heart set on a dancing career.

The wily McConnell, sensing a new find, signed the young lady for a Western two-reeler before she left the lot.

"I am a good horsewoman," said Miss Morris, "have ridden ever since I was a child. So I suppose," she added modestly, "it was really my riding that got me my engagement. My dancing helped greatly, too. In fact, it was my dance as the South Seas native girl in 'Beasts of Paradise' which won me my contract."

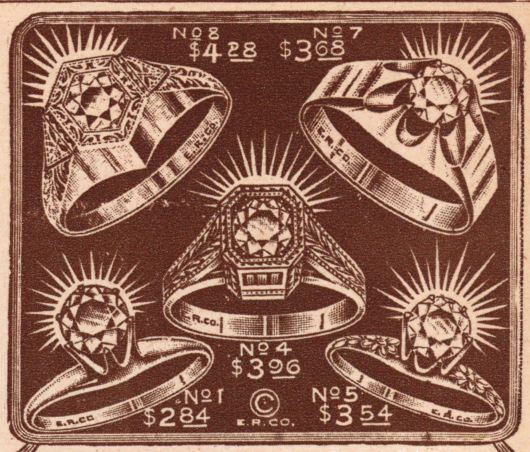
It must have taken an extra amount of good nature to stand on the side lines and listen to the idol of the hour brag about the stunts he did not do. What a temptation to queer the handsome hero's little game and break up the party by blurting out the news that all the difficult feats were not performed by him, but by your own modest self. As we said before, it takes a keen sense of humor and a lot of good nature to stand by and just listen in fun and keep your tongue in your head. A sense of humor and a sunny disposition are two things Pete Morrison can boast of—but he does not. This same brave lad who doubled for many bragging stars could have a double himself now if he wanted him. But he does the hard tricks himself and he does not brag about them.

Life

By Nanette Kutner

Now the hero is stunning, the girl's cute and cunning,
And besides she is rich as can be;
There's the villain courageous, who acts quite outrageous,
That's the cast of a movie you see.
While he tries to kidnap her, they both fight for the flapper,
But our hero wins out in the strife.
And then mid lots of laughter, they live ever after
Because that's how it is in REEL life.

The young girl has no money, her face, it is funny,
And the villain? There ain't no such thing!
The poor boy is quite stupid, so Mister Dan Cupid
Makes him fall, and he gives her a ring.
Oh, he asks her to marry, and she does not long tarry,
They elope and become man and wife.
From then on the plot thickens, they fight like the dickens
Because that's how it is in REAL life.



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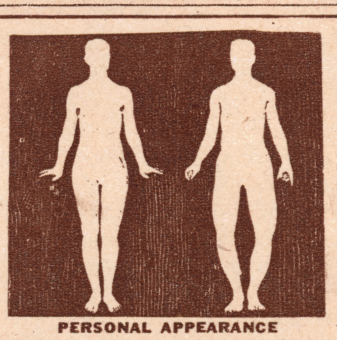

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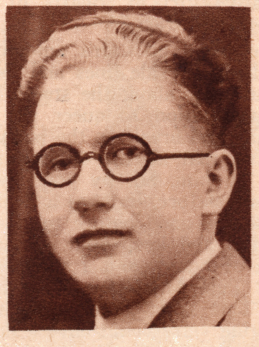

ALOIS MERKE
Founder of Merke Institute

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